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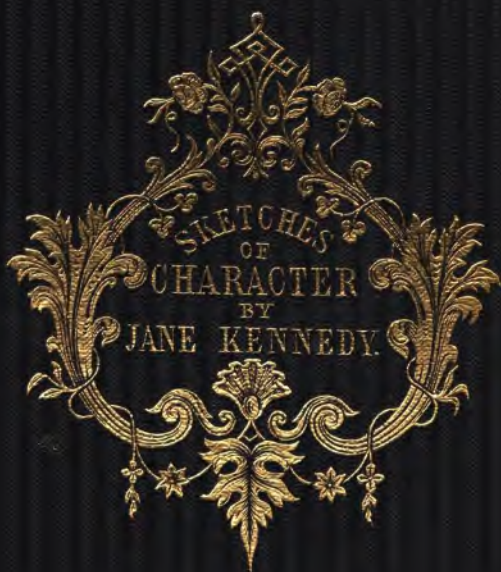
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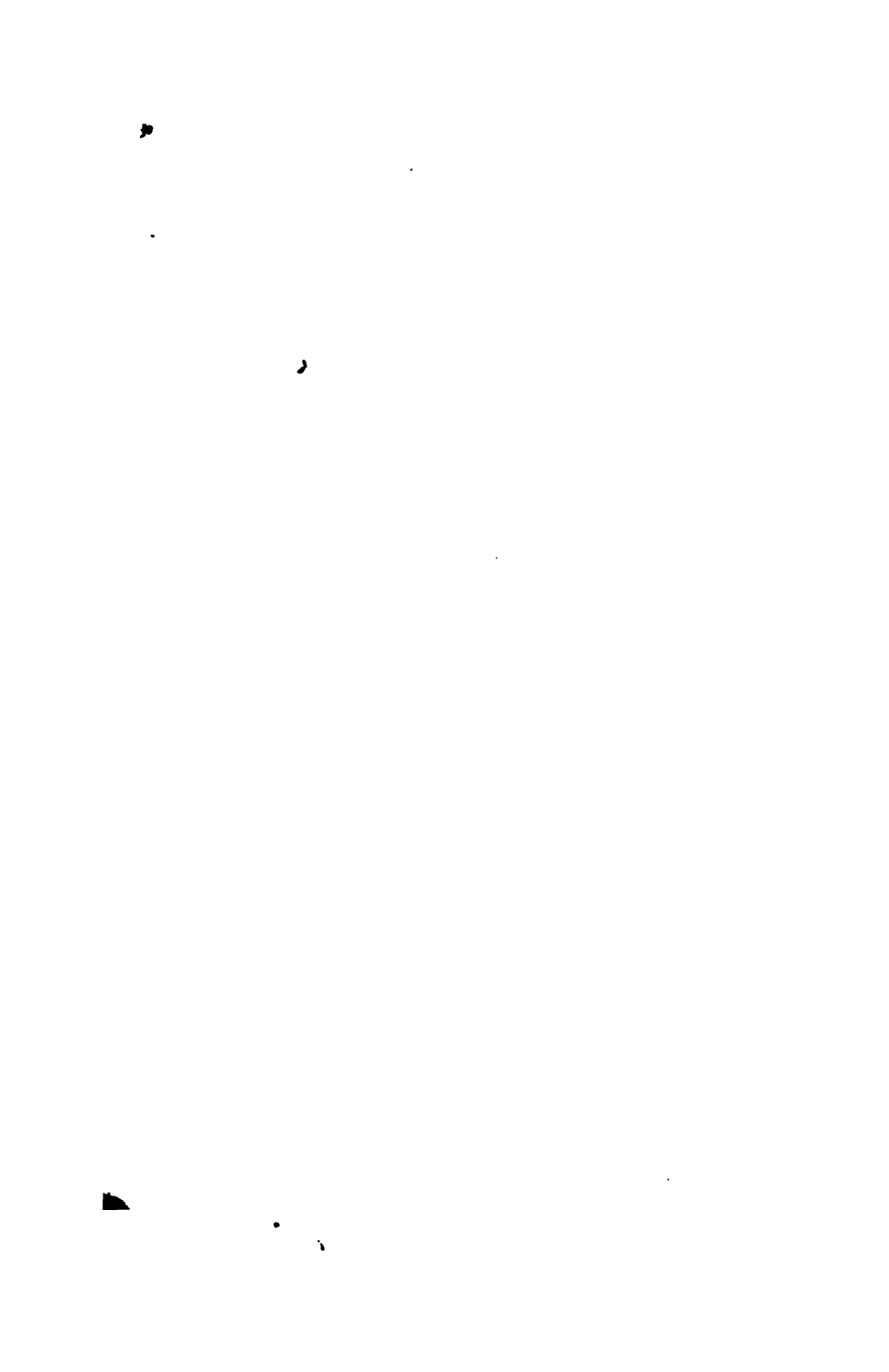


SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.—OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG MAIDS.



SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG MAIDS,  
IN  
PLAYFUL MOODS AND MOURNFUL MOODS.

BY  
JANE KENNEDY.

LONDON:  
CHARLES WESTERTON, HYDE PARK CORNER.  

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## OLD MAIDS AND YOUNG MAIDS.

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### CHAPTER I.

THE door opened, and Mrs. Vivian, with her bright affectionate look, went up to her sister, Mrs. Murray, and kissed her. "My dear Maria," said the latter, "you must be the harbinger of some good news,—your tell-tale face is so beaming."

"I have no news at all to give you, Sophy. But I do feel very happy, because Philip has allowed me to come and spend the greatest part of the day with you; and it is such a rare pleasure, I feel like a bird out of a cage."

"Maria, you talk of Mr. Vivian as if he

confined you at home against your will; and do you know, that people really believe that you and he live most uncomfortably together? Take off your bonnet and shawl; and let us have a snug chat for an hour or two. After luncheon I will release you; and by that time I shall have finished this little frock for Bessy Thompson's little girl,—it will be her birthday to-morrow. I know she will have double pleasure in the gift, when I tell her Miss Sophy has made it. Miss Sophy she calls me still, and will, I suppose, till I am a great grandmother,—if I live to that day, and she live to witness it. I have a great respect for Bessy Thompson; and so have you, Maria, though you show it in your peculiar way. She did her duty to us all so thoroughly, whilst in our family; and made herself so loved by all her fellow-servants, they all felt, if a fault were to be found, that she did it with sorrow. And how much she delighted in helping them in every way!—how proud she was to go to mamma, and tell her how well every one had done his or her work! They were all

sure that she was a kind advocate. And whilst she preferred *our* interests to everything, how happy she was to procure for *them* any additional comfort, or any relaxation after their day's task was finished!"

"Sophy, you always did spoil servants, and always will. For my part, I cannot bear to see them aping their masters and mistresses, and thinking themselves of more consequence, — they are never contented, but always striving to obtain more wages, or finer clothes."

"You judge them too harshly; and should try to guide them for their own good, by being gentle yet firm; and showing them that you are not led by caprice, nor the passing feeling of the moment. I remember once hearing a gentleman swear at his valet, whilst giving him some order for the stables; which the valet carried to the coachman, using the same abusive language. The coachman, in his turn, desired the groom to bring 'My Lord's' horses out. By this time the epithets had become coarse and wicked indeed. It is astonishing how great is the influence we all have

over the happiness of those who depend upon us; and we shall have much to answer for, one of these days, as to our manner of treating our domestics,—whether, in fact, we show them, in every way, that we have a Master in heaven, whose service we love, and whom to obey is our greatest delight, as they have masters on earth, whom they should strive to please.”

“But what have you heard, Sophy, about Philip and me? Why do people fancy he and I do not love each other?”

“Only because you are both a little too careless as to what people say or think,—neither of you study appearances. You both imagine it is the best way, when in society, each to let the other seek conversation or amusement in any way, as if you really cared for anything in which the other did not share; and whilst he is laughing and chatting with some young girl in one corner, you are doing the same with some man in another. And as you are never seen driving in the park, nor visiting, nor walking together, it has been settled

for you, that you cannot bear each other; and few know, as I, how really attached you are, and how anxious you both are each to contribute to the happiness of the other. Where is Mr. Vivian this morning?"

"He is gone into the city upon business, and cannot be home till late. I shall of course be back, ready to receive him; for cold and reserved as people fancy him to be, he would be quite unhappy, if he did not find me waiting for him, thinking of him, ready to welcome him."

Mrs. Murray thought to herself—how like men in general her brother-in-law was, spoilt and selfish,—they claim every species of attention and devotion. She did not express this sentiment; and Mrs. Vivian was probably pondering the same thing in her own mind, each making an exception in favour of her own husband. It is certainly a wonderful gift which women have, of thinking how superior the objects of their own individual affection are to every other living creature. They positively will not—cannot see their faults; and

often persist in giving them credit for good qualities which they do not in the least possess. It is an unspeakable blessing that it is thus. So much of the dry, weary prose of life wears a garment of romance and poetry by this medium; and the rose-coloured tint which is thus given to the dull round of household cares, makes them have quite an attractive aspect. Mrs. Vivian and Mrs. Murray both found it so; and their own happy dispositions were like perfumes of sweet flowers, which scented agreeably every minor detail of their daily habits.

“By the bye, Sophy, have you seen Clementina Wordsworth lately? What a sensible, charming woman! As a girl, she always considered it a privilege to be a peace-maker, and endeavour to find something pleasing in the most disagreeable person. So different from Henrietta Stapleton, who as assuredly finds out the smallest flaw in everybody’s ways and ideas. I never saw such a contrast as those two sisters. Clementina is a delight to all her family; and the conduct she displays

in that most difficult of all arts—living on happy terms with one's people-in-law—is admirable beyond power of expression. How attentive and dutiful she is to old Lady Wordsworth! She never seems to heed her various peculiarities, nor ever to forget that she is the mother of her husband—the grandmother of his children. She will deserve, one of these days, to be respected, and looked up to as an oracle, when in her own old age. And then she is so nice with Mr. Wordsworth's sisters and brothers. She has no nonsense nor petty jealousy; but whilst she is confident he loves her better than he does any one else in the world, she takes the greatest pleasure in allowing them all to be on the same endearing, confiding terms they were before his marriage: and he does not feel he has lost any relations by forming new ties, but that the circle of his domestic happiness is grown very much larger."

"Is it true, Maria, that she has asked her mother-in-law to live with her?"

"True!—that would be the last thing she



would fancy could contribute to the comfort of either. Clementina has no Utopian ideas of happiness. She knows that two women, who have been accustomed each to rule her own little kingdom, cannot live entirely at their ease together; one must yield, and play a subordinate part,—and that does not do for either the wife or the mother. She says, since Abraham and Lot failed in their experiment of double housekeeping—even in those primitive days,—she cannot see why people will be continually trying it, now that each person has a thousand vagaries. How can two people, thoroughly accustomed each to her own ways, amalgamate, so as to have but one method, and one individual wish? And then, when she goes to her own home, she recollects fully, that it is no longer hers, but that she has voluntarily chosen one for herself; and she never considers herself otherwise than merely as a welcome guest there, where once her wish was a law to each inmate of the house. She often feels a little inclination, she says, to make some invidious remark,—but she re-

frains: for she knows the change is in herself—not in the ways of her ex-home; and that she has adopted so many Wordsworth notions, in her unceasing endeavour to please her husband, that the Colthurst feelings and interests have immeasurably diminished in intensity. In short, Clementina's great charm is her exact fulfilment of the duty of the hour. Mrs. Stapleton, on the contrary, is always in a fuss, when she is at her father's, finding fault with a hundred unimportant items; and, like all people who find fault with everything and everybody, she cannot bear the slightest rebuke: so that when Mr. Colthurst reminds her, every now and then, that young folks think old folks fools, &c., she is quite pettish and annoyed; and thinks how differently, and much more wisely, things were managed, when she was at home to give her opinion. She does not feel what Clementina does, that the change is in herself."

"Sophy, does Mr. Murray stay out all day usually?"

"No; to-day he is attending a committee.

He most frequently passes his morning reading and studying,—finding out some sober, practical way of helping those who are deeply engaged in promoting the welfare of the poorer classes. Henry has no profession, and no means of making money; and as he cannot afford, on account of our children, to give away as much as he would like to give, he thinks it right to employ his time and talents on behalf of the poor. His quiet manner—his plain sense, and patient investigation of every matter, make him to be indispensable to those who wish to do good in the most judicious way. He has no idea, he always says, of making plans for angels; but bears in mind how innumerable are the weaknesses, faults, and infirmities of himself and his fellow-creatures, and especially of the ignorant amongst us. He is never carried away by anything merely plausible; but sifts it to the very bottom, and views it on every side. He is no man for expediency; and never sets off with a quantity of high-flown ideas, that there is no hope of reducing to practice.”

"How is your little frock coming on?"

"It is quite finished; and just in time, for here comes William to announce the luncheon. My brougham will be at the door at three; and then I will take you back to Wilton Crescent. Or, do you think you will have time to go with me to see Bessy Thompson? — it is a longish drive to her house."

"Oh, no! I would not, on any account, be away when Philip returns. Take me home first, please."

## CHAPTER II.

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\* W \* ELCOME back to our gay me-  
\* \* \* tropolis, Montgomery. Why,  
\* \* \* man, you look as though you  
\* \* \* would rather be hanged than  
\* \* \* be amongst us! What is the matter with  
\* \* \* you? Have you been gambling again?—  
\* \* \* I thought you had been completely cured of  
\* \* \* that.”

“So I am. I have not betted nor played high once, since you lent me the sum that helped me out of that terrible scrape I was in. It was so generous in you to give up your summer trip, that I might have the money it would have cost you. All the reproaches and prosings of a month could not have cured me so effectually as that kind sacrifice. I told my father the whole trans-

action yesterday,—I did not like to write it to him, and he has been absent till now. He immediately gave me a cheque on his banker for the amount. Here it is. You know my dear old dad's way,—instead of blaming me, and giving me a whole volume of advice, he continued saying to himself, 'What a fine noble fellow it is! That young man will be a useful member of society. We shall owe much good to the conduct of such a self-denying, promptly-generous creature. I wish my boy were like young Hay.' My father's hobby, you know, is the improvement of the species; and he has the greatest admiration possible for any young men who act well. He could not have rebuked me more sharply by any lengthened discourse, than he did by that one expression. He showed me so plainly how inferior he thought me to you."

"Thank you for the cheque, Montgomery: it has come in a very opportune moment. I have several little debts to pay before we go out of town; and I intend to run down into

Hampshire, to spend a fortnight with my kind uncle. He is ill again, and likes no one to be near him so much as he does me. I have been with him, and studied all his whims and caprices, and can manage to make him believe he is comfortable, which is rather difficult; for he always fancies if something else were arranged either about his pillows, or his arm-chair, he would certainly be freer from pain. It is the case with all invalids, more or less. And then I make long journeys and different amusing excursions, whilst we are sitting side by side; and I have often much enjoyed these unfatiguing and unexpensive jaunts. My uncle has read so much, and so attentively, that I question whether those who have visited France, Germany, and Italy, know so much about the various sites and towns as he does. He can tell you exactly where the pictures of each old master are to be found. And you should have seen Mrs. Hughes' countenance, last autumn, when he took one of his quiescent trips through Switzerland. She has lived there several years, and with great benefit to

her historical powers; for she has the history of Switzerland by heart, and has travelled over every part of it. My uncle gave her such an accurate description of people, manners, customs and places, that she declared, it seemed as if he had been in her pocket all the time she was there. In her enthusiasm she exclaimed, 'You forgot to mention that long nap I had on the shingles at Schaffhausen. People seldom have such a lullaby as I had. I slept from twelve o'clock till two, with only a stone for my pillow. I was so tired out with the hot sun, and my early rising, I could not refrain from casting myself on the ground.' 'And you forget, Mrs. Hughes, that I have only seen Switzerland' (as Harry Tomkins drawled out yesterday, in his *nimini primini* way,) 'as Spode shows it to me on my basin and jug; and my imagination makes a Griesbac of the water as I pour it out.' What a silly fellow Tomkins is! I must say, my uncle is a delightful old gentleman. Never was there patience like his, under the most acute sufferings. He has been



a martyr to gout forty years, and bears it in the most marvellous way. He is out of spirits when the fit comes on, and when it is going off. In the midst of his fit, however, when he can neither stir hand nor foot, he will laugh and joke. One night the medical man, whom we had called in because the danger was imminent, and who lived closer than our own family attendant, actually thought my uncle had lost his senses; for the pain had greatly subsided before he came, and my uncle was as full of fun as a young boy. But, really, Montgomery, you do look sadly woe-begone! What *is* the matter with you?"

"I am afraid, Hay, that the fact is, I am caught. I cannot get that syren, Eliza Macfarlane, out of my head. I always fancy I see her everywhere. Her image pursues me, —her sweet voice is ever in my ears,— and her smile! that is indescribable. Hay, she is the most charming creature in existence!"

"And the most decided flirt! My dear Montgomery, your better judgment does not,

I am sure, approve of the choice of your heart. Own to me that in Devonshire, where you were staying, you were the most eligible man on whom to play off a little sentiment. Miss Macfarlane knows what she is about, when she is angling for hearts and purses; and had any one with better prospects made his appearance at St. Ives, believe me, Mr. Montgomery would have discovered that he had made a grand mistake, and that the charmer was by no means so charming. I feel persuaded, that had I gone down, and made a little love to her, even if she had accepted you, my baronetcy and present possession of property would soon have made your pretensions turn to the right about. Though, if you really are in earnest, and *bona fide* in love, I know well, I might as well preach to the winds and the waves, as to warn you *now* that your syren is in very truth a syren. A scalded child fears even cold water,—and I have had my lesson in woman's wiles; though I have no doubt that I shall be drawn again into the

meshes which Cupid pretends to make, but which are often the work of cool calculation. You know my story, do you not, Montgomery?"

"No, I do not; and have often wished to hear it. For you must know, my sister Jane says, she was never mistaken in reading disappointed love on anybody's countenance; and that nothing is more evident to her than that you have felt its pangs."

"By Jove, that *is* having a speaking countenance. I am very sorry that I carry on my face the tale which I had hoped was written on the tablets of my heart only. But, from all accounts, your sister Jane has not been unscathed herself; and I think she is a very sensible woman—not to rave against all men, on account of the perfidy of one. Is it true, she prides herself upon being a 'pattern old maid'?"

"She does; and, indeed, I think she is one. She takes the deepest interest in all love affairs, where the affections are really engaged. And although she says she never would bring

two people together for the purpose of making a match,—yet when she sees two unfortunate creatures struggling in the pond of despair, from whatever cause the unpleasant position of matters has arisen, she cannot help bearing a hand; and she generally succeeds in bringing things to a favourable issue. Many and fervent are the thanks she has had for her kindly interference and strenuous endeavours. It is often a very slight misunderstanding that has put a spoke in the wheel, and caused a very large amount of unhappiness for the time being. So she was quite right in her conjecture concerning you?”

“Too right, alas! You have seen Lady George Ashton, have you not? She was the most lovely girl I ever beheld, when she was about eighteen. Fancy her as beautiful as you will, you can never fancy her as beautiful as she was. And such grace! So sylph-like, with the most winning child-like manner, there was something quite irresistible in her infantine ways. She was the woman, however, in her conversation; and now and then

I felt, I own, rather inclined to be sulky, when she showed me how great her power was. There seemed at times more of experience than of innocence in her expressions. We went on very well together for some weeks. Her father and mother received me with great cordiality. The one read, and the other plied her needle, and left 'little Fairy'—as I always called her—and myself to sit whole evenings together, making believe that we were playing at chess. She chose to call me 'Undoubtedly Sir;' because, one day, I was saying to myself, 'Undoubtedly, she is the most perfect of women!'—and was gazing on her, whilst she was examining a rose. Her father said, 'Sir Charles Hay, shall I set you down for a goose?' I answered, 'Undoubtedly, Sir.' He was making out a list of catables for a pic-nic, and I had promised a goose. We went on very like two children,—we scolded and then made it up again, ran races in the garden, played at ball, rowed on the river; and I flattered myself the affection was mutual. I told her, the day before

I returned to town, that I should wish her to enjoy the amusements of the season, before she shackled herself; but that the whole happiness of my future life depended upon her. She drew me on to make very explicit avowals; and then said she would write me her answer. I quite went away with alacrity the next day; I looked forward with such eagerness to the reception of her note,—I thought no bliss could be greater than that of possessing a few lines, written by the prettiest and whitest of little hands, dictated by the warmest and most guileless of hearts. How do you think I really felt, when she inclosed the wrong letter to me, and I received this one?—‘My only Love,—Sir Charles Hay has been staying here some weeks, and I have had capital fun. He was so desperately in love with me, it was quite ridiculous. How I did play him off! Dearest Jim, when shall we run away? I am quite ready. Your adoring—L. T.’ What my feelings were at the time, I do not now know. When my servant came

in with a muffin, he found me on the floor; and I was laid up several weeks! Before being carried to my bed, however, I tottered across the room, and re-inclosed the note to her. By some mistake, her father opened it. You may judge how enraged he was. This *dear Jim* was a discarded groom, whom he had sent off, because he had perceived a great want of respect in his manner to his daughter; but no suspicion of the horrid truth had crossed his mind. When once he had become acquainted with it, nothing was easier than to put a stop to all Gretna Green plans; and that very day, Lord George Ashton happening to go down to their country place for a little hunting, he was hooked in. Whether the poor youth be pleased and happy with his bargain, I cannot say. I am afraid her conduct is not of the best. And now—story for story—tell me that of your sister Jane.”

“My sister Jane is what a Frenchman would call very *impressionable*; and she too easily believes a man cares for her. So that

she was just the person to suit that scoundrel, Dick Catesby. He left nothing untried to win her heart. Whatever were her pursuits, were his. Whatever she disliked, he disliked: and he was continually telling her, it was the piety and purity which guided all her actions that at first excited his attachment; and that no power on earth could alter one iota of his feelings for her, unless it were to make them stronger and more durable. I do not mean to say, she was easily gulled, because she believed him, when, week after week, month after month, he assured her of his constancy and fervour; but she should have endeavoured, before too late, to discover what kind of a man he was—if he were worthy of her esteem. Woman-like, she loved first, and inquired afterwards. He often repeated, that he could not fix an epoch for their marriage; for he had some difficult money matters to arrange,—and that an eccentric old aunt had declared she would not leave him a farthing of her large estate, unless he married a girl she had chosen for



him. He was grieved, indeed, that their engagement must still be kept a secret; for he was looking forward with great delight to that proud day, when he should be able to present her to his family, as one who would be of them—an ornament and an honour to their circle. He and I went down into the country, to stay with a friend; when it struck me as very strange, that he always received, by every post, three thick letters in female writing. The first day, the master of the house passed them through my hands. I gave them over to Catesby, with the remark, that he was a lucky fellow, for the whole budget appeared *lady-like*. He took the letters from me rather rudely; and the next morning seated himself at the opposite side of the table. I never liked him much, and was only trying to tolerate him for Jane's sake. He walked every day with his own letters to the post. He pretended to me, that he liked his letters to Jane to pass through as few hands as possible, between his and hers. When he had been about ten days in this

country house, there came down a most blustering Irishman, who desired to see Mr. Catesby immediately. Dick went out, and was much astonished to see O'Sugru. 'I am come,' he said, 'to offer you your choice: will you fight me, or marry my sister?' Saying this, he had pounced into the room where we were all assembled, and accosted Catesby in this vehement manner before us all, dragging him in, and holding him tightly by the button of his coat. In a very few minutes the whole was explained. Catesby had actually engaged himself to three girls at once; and, by some means, O'Sugru had found it out, and had determined that his sister should not be left in the lurch. I was enchanted that mine was freed from the horrors of a union with such an unprincipled wretch. He has turned saint since; but I have not much faith in his holiness, for I do not see moderation, constancy, nor a reverence for his superiors, in anything he writes, says, or does. Jane has remained single: but the third dupe vowed she would be married before she met

him again ; and she was so, within a very few months after this grand exposure. Come, Hay, we will go and see some panoramas, to put these sad retrospections out of our minds."

## CHAPTER III.

MISS MONTGOMERY was indeed the "pattern old maid" she wished to be; and hearts of every age were given to her. Women of her own, young girls, children, all seemed on the same affectionate terms with her, as if she counted exactly the same number of years as themselves. Catesby's conduct had not soured her in the least. She was thankful that God had freed her from him, and given her so manifest a proof of his vigilant care over her, that he preferred her welfare through life to the gratification of the present hour. And, indeed, it was this unbounded reliance on the condescending superintendence of Providence over even the minutest detail of her daily existence, that made

her incapable of feeling regret when anything went contrary to her wishes or her own foresight. As her feelings were of the deepest kind, a severe disappointment of any sort made her extremely ill, and sometimes threw her out of health for a long period. She could recover from anything but the discovery that one whom she loved or esteemed proved unworthy of her preference. And this was what she felt when she thought of Catesby. It made her very lenient towards all that suffered from misplaced attachments, or whose true love was as unsmooth as Shakspeare has made the course of true love proverbially to be. She always had a soothing word, and a tender manner, for either men or women who were going through this ordeal. She did not always succeed in making others as contented with their lot as she was with her own: still the balm she poured into their wounds was in some measure healing, and time generally completed the cure.

Miss Montgomery was so energetic, that whatsoever she was about, at the time, ap-

peared to be the only thing in which she took any interest. "Jane, you are working yourself to death!" some one was sure to say, when her needle was employed, and going at the rate of ten knots an hour. "Jane, where have you been all day?—you can never stay at home," if she had gone out to see some friends. "Write, write, write!—the pen is never out of your hand: what can you have so much to write about? Six hours have you been on the water to-day. You always overdo everything."

And then she used to annoy her bachelor friends by the way in which she took up the cause of some young man. "You are madly in love with my nephew;" or, "What has made you so wild about young Stephenson's authorship?" or, "How many more people do you mean to plague about getting Charles Pain on in the world?" All these remarks she thought very amusing; and if her admiring beaux were a little jealous, she would laugh, and say, "It did them good. Englishmen were of such a bilious habit, it was

wholesome for them to be vexed a little ; just as port wine and bark make the best remedy in the world for hopeless love."

Miss Montgomery had no idea of moping about anything ; and if she had any particular sorrow, she would take up some difficult German work, and give up her whole mind to making out the sense of it, or read some interesting book of History.

Jane Montgomery lived in a small house in London, with her father. Her sisters were married. Her brothers were scattered, one in Australia, one in Ceylon, one in Jamaica, — only Robert remained in England. He lived in the Inner Temple. He rarely passed a day, however, without going to see his father and sister ; and as his father allowed him the use of a brougham during the time of his own stay in London, he was delighted that neither weather nor distance kept him from his dear Jane. They were intimate with the Murrays and Vivians. The hilarity of the dispositions of the ladies was duly appreciated by all steady, rational men of the party ; and

no set in London enjoyed more real happiness. Mrs. Vivian was particularly lively; and her nonsense kept them all in a roar of laughter, often for a whole evening.

Neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Vivian paid their wives the bad compliment of staying out all day, coming home to a late dinner, and then sleeping all the evening, as many English husbands do. They always kept all the amusing anecdotes, which they had heard during the day, for their evening's conversation: one thing brought on another, till they entertained each other so completely, that the hour for retiring often struck, when they imagined they had full time for another story or two. They were very glad their wives were not blue-stockings. It was a great relief to their poor brains, that had been busy all day with dry occupations, to unstring them as it were, and let the playful, cheerful voices of their partners pass over the chords.

Mrs. Vivian often recounted, that one young friend of hers had tried, during three days, to ask her husband a question in vain: he was



always eating, or out, or asleep. This lively little body was much amused by any quaint remark: and one day she was in a circulating library, choosing some books, when she heard a man grumbling, because a manuscript, that to him was perfect hieroglyphics, had been given him to copy; but he was good-humoured in the main, and tried to excuse the illegibility of the scrawl by saying, "Them authors have an idea flying through their heads, and dabs it down any how." "Where is your son, my good woman?" she asked of an old countrywoman whom she had known many years. "Tom, ma'am? he is what they call a tiger to a young gentleman as keeps a cab, —his master's a lewtenant or a coronet, or some such thing." At Scarborough a fisherman accounted for porpoises rolling about in the seas, by their being *amphibby* animals, like sharks and whales, that come up to snuff the air, and then go down again. In short, I fear my merry little Mrs. Vivian was a quizzer. Luckily her good-temper and good-nature kept her within bounds.

One evening they were all at the Brownville's, where the new science of Graphiology was discussed. Mr. Warren then was the height of the fashion, and from every part of the United Kingdom specimens and postage-stamps poured in. His extremely lucky hits had become generally known, and every one was anxious to have a character from him. It was very amusing to see how fearful some were of the truth being known,—how many looked at Warrenology as akin to witchcraft. Two young girls determined to write in feigned hands, because it was not proper to write to a stranger! He might, or he might not be a gentleman! It did not in the least occur to them, that feigned writing could not procure true characters.

Some of the party had had characters that offended them very much, which made Miss Montgomery laugh at them famously. "Why," she said, "one would imagine that you were personally acquainted with Mr. Warren, and that he had purposely acted discourteously; and yet you wrote as T. Q., or A. V., or as

J. S. For my part, I read all he writes with the greatest pleasure,—his delineations are so clever, and so beautifully expressed. I have often sent for characters, for the mere enjoyment I have in reading them. Perhaps I may be considered a little too partial; but a sick friend of mine has had so many hours beguiled by charming, witty, lively letters written by him to her, for the sole benevolent purpose of enabling her sometimes to forget her pain, that I feel extremely grateful.”

“But who is he, Miss Montgomery?” many exclaimed at the same time.

“Ah! that,” she said, “is more than I can tell you. I am persuaded he is a gentleman, and I know he is kind and entertaining: and as to the rest, mystery is always delightful; and I think he is quite right, to tell no one his real name.”

Everybody, that had not written for a character, now came up to the table, and deposited a few lines, either written at that time, or some that they had about them. Mrs. Brownville undertook to send them all off the

next morning; and they promised, in much shyness, to return in a few evenings to have them all read out, when the answers had been received. Little did any of them know that Mr. Warren was in an adjoining room; and that, in common with the other gentlemen of the party, he had been teased by rosy lips and sparkling eyes into compliance, and had written some lines that were enclosed, with the other specimens, in the budget. Henry Murray was the only person in his secret, and very much did he enjoy the joke of the whole thing.

The next morning Mrs. Vivian called early upon Miss Montgomery, to ask her if she would go with her to inquire about a poor family, that lived in a garret in some out-of-the-way place. "I have had such a sorrowful letter from the poor mother: she is so ill, has so many starving children! She seems to know all about us; and says she is a niece of our former housekeeper, Bessy Thompson."

"Show me the letter, dear Mrs. Vivian: I

confess I am very hard-hearted about these matters. I hate begging letters: the longer they are, the better they are expressed, and the more plausible they appear, the more I hate them, and the less I believe them. This letter!—my father received the very ditto of it some days ago, with the difference only, that instead of being related to your Bessy Thompson, the writer informed us she was a daughter of my uncle's second gardener,—of that dear, benevolent old uncle of mine that lives at Richmond, the very perfection of an uncle! My father's kind heart was touched; and he set off immediately to ferret out the poor woman. The man who brought the letter was to call the next day for the answer; but my father could not let such distress exist one whole day longer. He found the house, the very room mentioned,—but no woman, no children;—and the dirty little girl, who was pretending to scrub the staircase, said that nobody lived in that house but herself and her grandfather. I cannot bear giving money to professed beggars,—it is an actual robbery

committed upon the indigent and deserving; and giving alms, indiscriminately, is not the sort of charity required of us. We are to feed the hungry, not give money to hoard,—to give drink to the thirsty, not enable wicked creatures to go to the gin-shop,—to visit the sick, not loll on the sofa, and send half-a-crown out by the footman to a man who has tucked up a limb, and pretends he has lost it,—to go to the people in prison, not cry over a fictitious tale in a novel,—to do all and everything in the name of Him whose precepts these are. These are active labours of love; the others are positive sin, and an encouragement of vice. I always give broken victuals to common beggars, when it is impossible to find out anything respecting them; then, if they are of a gang, I never hear of them again. Often the provisions are thrown into the kennel; but at any rate I am free from blame, as I did what I ought, to prevent them from starving, if they really were in want of food. I do not like to be imposed upon. One of my friends had a maid, who

married from her house. As she had been with her some time, she gave her a wedding dress, and a small sum of money, that she might buy what she most needed. Her maid never told her what the man's trade was; but always answered he had a lucrative employment, and was well to do in the world. She asked her mistress to do her the honour to come and see her, when she was settled in her new home. My friend called one afternoon, just as she was going to take her tea; and how surprised was my friend to find her small rooms beautifully furnished! Everything was new, solid, and well chosen. She had a silver tea-pot and cream-jug, with a fashionable urn! After expressing her pleasure and astonishment to see her former handmaid in such an elegant abode, by dint of questioning, she discovered that her husband was an *Asker*,—that is, a common beggar, who stood at the corner of a street, asking alms! My friend left, and never returned: she felt there could be no permanency of comfort—there could be no blessing upon luxuries obtained in such a

fraudulent manner. My brother was once walking down the street of a provincial town, when he came up to a woman in rags, delivering a sum of silver and copper into a man's hand. He was evidently waiting for her gatherings. 'That wizened-faced old rascal there only gave me half-a-crown!' Bob turned round to see who it was whom she mentioned in such a graceless, thankless, insolent manner. It was a weather-beaten tar, who had but few half-crowns for himself; and who had parted with one, because this old hag had made out such a piteous tale. I was very much amused the other day. My servant, who knows I never give, unless I have duly inquired whether the poverty be real, was apostrophizing a whining, able-bodied man at the door, just as I was coming down stairs. I heard him say, 'My lady never gives to beggars.' I was quite pleased with my character. My father is indefatigable in his endeavours to be of use to those who are objects of charity. Last winter he was walking through one of the worst streets in St. Giles', when he heard



a great noise. He went into a house, where he found a man and his wife thumping each other, screaming, scolding, and swearing. He endeavoured to call them to order in vain. He tried to separate them: they were too strong for him. At last the woman took up a bucket of soap-suds, and poured it over him! saying, 'Take that for your *imperence*! What business have such as you to interfere with such as we, and come between man and wife?' My father was not in the least daunted nor discouraged. He took out his handkerchief, and quietly wiped off the suds. The people were so astonished to see his patience, and that he did not, in his turn, abuse them, that they became calm almost immediately, listened to all he said, and, when he wished them good morning, asked him to forgive them, and return to them. He did so. In a very short time they became most respectable folks,—sent their children to school; and little by little their example won over many families in their neighbourhood. They now attend church, are orderly, inoffensive, and quite contented with

their little pittance. It is very wonderful how God, at times, blesses our endeavours to do good. If He be not with us, the guide of all men's motives and actions, nothing succeeds, and we work uselessly on stony roads. But one gracious word from the Giver of good things makes the harvest to be marvellously abundant."

"I am so glad, my dear Miss Montgomery, that I have found you at home; for I should never have had courage to go amongst those people by myself. To-morrow, when the man came for an answer, I should have given him some money; and I will tell you a little secret,—I should have been obliged to give him what I had put by for a morning cap I want sadly. I should have done it with the greatest pleasure, for such a case as theirs, had it been true; but I confess, I should have been sorry Philip saw me less spruce than usual, all for the sake of an impostor."

"It is very nice to hear you talk in this way, Mrs. Vivian: it shows me how unjust the world is in supposing you do not take

care to please your husband. Certainly, a slatternly wife can never be a pleasing companion for a man's breakfast table; and I am quite charmed to find you dress to gratify him, and not your own vanity, by being careless at home, and decking yourself out for the admiration of others when you go to a party."

"I do not know how it is, dear Miss Montgomery; but when you talk of marriage, I always feel puzzled, as if I did not know whether to smile or to cry. For if you only practised half as well as you preach upon the subject, your husband would certainly be the most enviable man in the world. What a pity it is you are not married!"

Miss Montgomery laughed one of her own hearty, merry laughs; and replied that she thought, on the contrary, it was best as it was, —for then no one would find out how different saying and doing were with her. She then sighed, and added, "In every situation of life there is something still to wish for that we have not; and if I have not met with a heart that could reciprocate affection as warmly as

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I could feel it, it has been because God thought a single life the one for which I am most fitted. He knows it is more difficult to be happy and cheerful, when apparently neglected and unloved, than when one has the blessing—the unspeakable blessing—of a mutual attachment. And since He has chosen this dry uninteresting path for me, shall I repine that I have more of privations than of enjoyment, if He see that under them I can best serve Him?”

## CHAPTER IV.

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\* S \* IR CHARLES HAY was a pe-  
\* c \* cularly attractive man. He had  
\* b \* b \* been in the navy, and lost an  
\* a \* a \* arm; and yet was so clever, so  
\* s \* s \* skilful, that he did everything better with one  
\* h \* h \* hand than most men could do with two. He  
\* a \* a \* had lost the right arm; and yet he wrote,  
\* n \* n \* and drew, and rode in perfection. What did  
\* d \* d \* Mr. Warren say to his hand-writing?—He  
\* w \* w \* was particularly gentlemanly and agreeable;  
\* a \* a \* and whilst he possessed all the manly virtues,  
\* h \* h \* his heart was as sensitive as a woman's. His  
\* d \* d \* disappointment, with regard to his first love,  
\* h \* h \* had a little saddened him; still he was cheer-  
\* f \* f \* ful, gentle, and always a kind, indulgent, and  
\* a \* a \* ctive friend. He had a very prepossessing  
\* c \* c \* countenance, and was altogether worthy of

being the hero of a novel, where all that is virtuous and pleasing is shadowed forth.

It is usually when we have just been thwarted in our attachments, that we are most prone and prompt in forming new ones; and Sir Charles Hay had, unconsciously to himself, been pondering some months over the manifold attractions of a very delightful Miss Grahame, whom he met constantly at small dinner parties, and quiet evening assemblies. She had hurt her ankle a little while past, was unable to walk much, and could not dance at all. As he had already given up dancing, he found it an extremely agreeable way of passing the evening to sit next Miss Grahame, and in the midst of the little knot of talkers and listeners usually gathered round her. As she was aware of his disappointment, she endeavoured in every way to divert his attention from his own unpleasing thoughts; and no one whispered to her, "Do not play with edged tools." She fell into the snare her own sympathizing heart had laid for her; and long before she knew it, she was miserable when she did not

see Sir Charles Hay. She had changed all her pity into love; and imagined her conduct proceeded only from a friendly wish to help him to extract the thorn that was for ever tormenting him, as she supposed. One thing was very remarkable, and that was their great likeness to each other. They might have been taken for cousins: their features, the colour of their hair, the tones of their voice, all were similar; and the natural inference drawn by all who saw them together was, that it was a match made in heaven. Is there in any one of the stars a receptacle for unfulfilled predictions made by mortals? The quantity of affairs that are definitively settled as if they had really taken place, but which somehow never *do* take place, must surely have a space allotted to them above the earth; for it would be impossible to breathe, if some millions of the castles built in the air were not demolished and dispersed. The moon is already engaged by the broken vows of lovers.

Sir Charles Hay and Cecilia Grahame continued to meet, to please and be pleased,

though not without many moments of disquietude and jealousy. Sir Charles was decidedly *a great catch*; and many mammas, who wept over the fear of being called to part with their dear, affectionate, dutiful daughters, would have given their little fingers, could one of their daughters have left for ever, to accompany Sir Charles Hay, as his wife, to the antipodes,—if he had had a fancy, in these emigration days, for settling thereabouts. Doubtless his soft and singularly attentive manner gave false hopes to many; and reports were rife about the Amelias, the Carolines, and the Margarets of the different circles he frequented; and Cecilia Grahame had constantly to listen to the assurance that Sir Charles Hay's wedding day was fixed. He, on his side, was constantly told, that Miss Grahame was to be married to Lord This, or Sir Something That; for she had a large fortune, and she seldom went into company without some one trying his luck by proposing. She was very fascinating, and her beauty was of an uncommon order. She had



lovely flaxen ringlets, with the most transparent complexion,—dark large lustrous brown eyes. Her mouth was small; her teeth white as the driven snow, and beautifully shaped. Her figure was perfect, as were her hands and feet: they were not beautiful, however, because diminutive, but because they were in exact proportion to the symmetry of the whole frame. Sir Charles' was the perfection of manly beauty; hers the perfection of woman's loveliness.

Still they sought not to make their preference known to each other: they had a kind of dreaming happiness in each other's presence; and when absent, they only wished the hour of meeting again were nearer. It was only when reports of each other's marriage reached them, that they put the question to themselves, "And supposing it were so, what is that to me?" No answer ever seemed to be made to this often repeated query; and time went on: they met and parted, and met again. They had, each of them, great conversational powers; and the

delight each had in listening to the other prevented any undue preponderance. Vanity and display never entered into the head of either. They chatted on; in the exchange of sensible ideas and expressions—of deep feelings, and of refined tastes, which made their daily meetings hours of the purest enjoyment. It was rather extraordinary that neither of them had any accomplishments, beyond the moderate talent for drawing that he possessed. They were all mind and heart, and had no mechanical nor scientific genius of any kind. They seemed to have begun on earth the life of soul and sweet affections they would lead in heaven; and though neither of them said so, they were all in all to each other. United in spirit, they never thought—"What are we doing? To what is this tending?" The time came, but too soon, when their bliss was a shadow—a too dear remembrance to one of them. We will not, however, anticipate.

Eliza Macfarlane was a different person from Cecilia Grahame. She was as deceit-

ful as Miss Grahame was open: and though she admitted Bob Montgomery's attentions in the country, by way of keeping her hand in, and not losing the laudable habit of flirting; yet she had fully resolved, when she came to town, to find something more eligible than a student of law, however clever, agreeable, and amiable he might be. Montgomery, however, was not to be released from attendance on her: she thought he would be the best kind of person to keep constantly at her bidding, without exciting too much jealousy in any one for whom she should wish to angle, when she found the prey most likely to satisfy her, and would do especially to amuse her until that propitious moment arrived. She was handsome,—had jet black hair, with bright blue eyes. Her mouth expressed her character fully. But she gave no time, to those whom she wished to lead captive, to discover it: she quite bewildered them by her rattle, and the flashes of her wit; only pausing, now and then, to give vent to some extremely pathetic sentiment. She had no

affection whatever for the man whom she was endeavouring to secure as an admirer: she wished only for admiration to gratify her self-love, until she had found the unfortunate being who would suit her as a husband. She had never, in her life, sought for one moment to contribute to the happiness of any one human being. Self—self—self was the deity she worshipped. She acknowledged no other. Yet, how strange it is, that selfish men and women often make excellent husbands and wives, as far as relates to the outward seeming of the thing! Each considers the other as *his* or *hers* exclusively; and as such must appear to the world, with the reflection in them of their own glory. A selfish woman frequently keeps all her household in better order, than one who feels for the real heart-happiness of those under her. The decorum is greater. Ye that are unselfish, ponder over this, and strive more earnestly to unite firmness with gentleness and indulgence.

Montgomery had no peace till he had made

his sister consent to receive Miss Macfarlane, and to ask her to Wimpole Street. How caressing and coaxing she was to his sister! How anxious to sit by her, and listen to her sensible conversation,—to pick up her scissors when she let them fall,—to run and ring the bell,—to do anything in the world that could spare her dear, dear Miss Montgomery a little trouble!

Nobody's heart was more alive to gratitude than that of Jane Montgomery, if any one rendered her a disinterested service; but when she saw through any action, and made out clearly the selfish motive that prompted it, she felt ready to recoil from the touch of the hand that proffered it.

Some people faint when in a room with a cat, without being aware of its presence. It was this kind of sickening feeling Jane had, when any one who was endeavouring to gain some end by pretended devotion was near her. Had Eliza Macfarlane had any real attachment for her brother, Jane would have folded her to her bosom, and entered into

every little passing feeling with the deepest interest; but she was too well read in woman's heart, not to be able to discriminate between the false and the genuine sentiment. She believed, however, that Miss Macfarlane wished to captivate Robert's undivided affection; and did not see that, besides being unworthy of it, she did not, in fact, care the least for it.

Montgomery himself was quite frantic in his love. He thought of no one—of nothing else—morning, noon, and night. All the business of his profession was neglected; or so badly done, that he gave it up in despair to those who were more in their sober senses than himself. Had Miss Macfarlane been herself of a different cast of mind, her influence would have been exerted for Montgomery's good: she would have prayed for him, and such love would have produced an invigorating tone of conversation,—all her ambition would have been to see him daily more worthy of the esteem and admiration of others, even whilst she might wish him to feel with

her, and for her alone. Her unconventional manners had quite a different effect, and he became every day more uncontrollably in love. His fits of absence were sometimes diverting, sometimes they offended. One day, at dinner, he helped a lady to a glass of wine, and drank it off himself, saying, half aloud, "Here's a health to thee, soul-entrancing Eliza Macfarlane!" used, when sitting by her, to hear, with her dulcet tones, and the smile that stole his heart away from him, "You know so well how to carve,—I find my appetite much greater when you help me." Being in dream-land, he one day popped a wing of chicken, which he had cut off artistically, into his neighbour's strawberry cream, which she was thinking was particularly good; and the chicken's wing was a most unwelcome guest. In the park, he saw an empty seat by a lady in a pony carriage, and jumped into it: the lady could be no other than Eliza Macfarlane, who usually waited for him at that corner. The pony, unaccustomed to such a mode of proceeding, set off at full

gallop,—the lady was terrified and breathless. When they halted at the gate, Montgomery was ashamed indeed; for he saw it was Miss Grahame's carriage into which he had so unceremoniously intruded.

There might, perhaps, be some excuse for Eliza Macfarlane, in the total want of control under which she had grown up. She had had a governess. But the governess, though amiable, clever, accomplished, and religious, had not the science and experience which would have enabled her to guide so headstrong and wilful a girl. She was almost as young as herself, and had often told Lady Hariot Macfarlane that she felt unequal to the task of educating Miss Macfarlane; but her silly little ladyship was always lost in the intricacies of some new fashion, and promised to talk the matter over another day, which other day never arrived.

Eliza had likewise the misfortune of inheriting her father's devil-may-care disposition. Sir Roger Macfarlane was one of that old race of fox-hunters, (a race now, happily,



all but extinct,) of whom the Dean of St. Asaph, in his "Faith and Practice of the Church of England," says, "The most useless animal in creation is a gentleman that never does anything but hunt." And assuredly the creature he bestrides fulfils the duties of existence better than does this heir of eternity.

Sir Roger had no places of resort to his taste but stables or kennels,—no companions but grooms, horses, and dogs. As he had a charming country house, and a good estate, he had been looked upon some years as a matrimonial spec. But even the ladies, whose propensities were akin to his, had given up the hope of being installed as mistress of Bambury Hall, and he was almost forgotten, when the whole neighbourhood was put into a ferment by the news, that Sir Roger Macfarlane was going to be married, on the 9th of September, to Lady Hariot Frenchborough. He had been passing a convivial evening with a brother fox-hunter, and went into the drawing-room for coffee, with his head fuller of port wine than of wit and sense, which

indeed was habitual to him. He seated himself by the pretty, simpering, foolish Lady Hariot Frenchborough. The company were talking about fête days, saints' days, and birthdays.

"What day is your birthday, my little maiden?" asked Sir Roger abruptly of her fluttering little ladyship.

"The 9th of September."

"Bedad! that is something to be talked of for a week,—and so is mine; and what do you say to it, my pretty little maiden, shall we make a wedding-day of it? How old will you be?"

"Twenty-one."

"Bedad! that is something to be talked of for a week. I shall be *forty-two*—just double your age. Come, my pretty little maiden, give us your white little paw, and bark an assent to my proposition. Bedad! that will be something to be talked of for a week."

Her ladyship did as she was bid. Sir Roger kissed the pretty little paw, as he called

it; and, leaning back in his chair, fell fast asleep, snored at his ease the rest of the evening, and awoke quite unconscious that he had saddled himself with a wife.

Lady Hariot, however, was not unconscious of it. Her father called early the next morning upon Sir Roger, who, rather than be balked of a long ride he projected, agreed to everything, and only begged all might be settled without him; and provided Lady Hariot did not teaze him, by expecting any species of love-making, he would meet at the church door on the 9th of September. Writing a cheque on his banker for a thousand pounds, he begged Lady Hariot would buy her own wedding presents; and, taking up his gloves, his hat and whip, he wished my lord good morning. Then, whistling for his dogs, he strode out of the room, and, as he shut the door, muttered, "Bedad! that will be something to be talked of for a week."


The compact was kept very strictly. In top-boots and a hunting coat the bridegroom appeared, on the 9th of September, at the

church door. As soon as the ceremony was over, he mounted his horse, and galloped about the country till dinner-time. Lady Hariot left the church with her father, and took possession of her new abode, quite as much pleased as if Sir Roger had accompanied her. She made herself acquainted with every part of her future home, from the garret to the cellar,—walked over every part of the grounds, and over the park. She then went to dress for dinner.


Sir Roger really enjoyed the sight of the smart, pretty little woman opposite to him; and they jogged on through life very smoothly together. Neither of them had either heart, mental cultivation, or principles. Both passed their days with their respective hobbies. Hers was dress. She spent hundreds of pounds upon her toilette, and only loved her little girl according to whether her frocks were becoming or unbecoming to her. Sir Roger never left Bambury Hall for a day; but he allowed Lady Hariot to go up to town, for three months, every season after Easter. Till

then he had his house full. He was, therefore, very glad to have some one who took all the trouble of writing letters and notes, ordering dinner, and paying the household bills for him.

When Eliza grew up, Sir Roger was very fond of her. She was no annoyance to him; for she had tact enough to see when she was in his way. And as she inherited his love for horses and dogs, he was charmed to have her with him; and was delighted when he saw her taking her own horse to water, or currycombing it herself. One of the stablemen was overheard whispering to another, "I say, Jim, what a pity that 'ere gal should be a young lady,—quite a handy groom is spoilt in her! Miss would look well in a jockey-cap and leathers." Young ladies are little aware to what remarks they subject themselves, when they go out of their own sphere of duties. Sir Roger, who heard what was said, had the extremely bad taste to feel flattered for his daughter, and actually gave the saucy lad half-a-crown for his discrimination.



## CHAPTER V.


 RS. MURRAY was that rare being, a judicious, sensible, impartial, affectionate stepmother. Mr. Murray had lost his first wife after five years of happy union, and felt his loss most poignantly. In Sophia Colthurst's society he passed a great deal of time after his Emily's death. They had been friends from their childhood; and Sophia's unfeigned grief, and endearing recollection of the loved companion of so many happy hours, won upon Mr. Murray so much, that after a widowhood of two years, he asked her to become the mother of her lamented friend's children. She hesitated some months. She loved the little things dearly,—a nice amiable little boy and little girl: still she felt the respon-

sibility as so great, so awful, she required much time and deliberation, before she could make up her mind to such an arduous task. She probably never would have done so, had not the little Emily fallen ill of a malignant fever; and the nurse who attended her having taken it also, no one was at hand who could take charge of the child.

It was a curious wedding. The moment Sophia had resolved to marry Mr. Murray, as the only way of being able to take care of the darling child, she wrote him a note, begging him to procure a licence, and to have the ceremony performed without delay. It was completed in the shortest possible time. Accompanied by all the members of her family then at home, Sophia went to church, and became the wife of Mr. Murray. There were no favours, no bride's maids, no cake, no breakfast, no honeymoon; and yet never once in her life did Sophia regret her precipitate step. The child began to improve from the moment she was watched and nursed by her mamma. Immediately the danger was

over, Mrs. Murray began all the round of her new duties; and Mr. Murray was soon as perfectly happy as he had been with his first wife.

The second wife had likewise a son, and a daughter; and all the children were as if they had the same mother. There never was the slightest difference perceptible in her manner towards Emily's little ones and her own. She caressed and petted, rebuked or punished, without a shade of caprice; and if she really loved her own most, the secret went with her to the grave.

The servants were the same as those Emily had had; and not one of them left because there was a new dynasty. She inquired very particularly what were the habits of the house under the former mistress; and, as they had been such as entirely to please Mr. Murray, and make the domestics steady, regular, and contented, she followed in the beaten track as much as she possibly could. She was an early riser,—and long before the breakfast hour all the orders of the day were given; so that



it seemed to Mr. Murray as if all things were conducted by a good fairy.

It had ever been a rule with her to endeavour to please people in their own way. She was much too modest to fancy that any new idea she might strike up must necessarily be productive of great pleasure to another, and did not imagine that she must know better than themselves what was agreeable or beneficial to them. She was a most indefatigable person, never for one moment idle: she had time to do, not only all she wished to do for herself, but often had time to spare to do what others ought to have done. Thus it was that, although she worked all her little girl's frocks, she had found leisure to make the little frock for Bessy Thompson's child. She was indeed a lovable person, and everybody loved her. Mrs. Murray called one afternoon on her friend, the young Lady Wordsworth, and found her in tears. "Dear Clementina, what is the matter? I hope you have nothing amiss in your family?"

Clementina was some time before she could

command her voice so as to relate to her what follows.

“It is dreadful, Sophy, so dreadful! You and I have been brought up so differently. Our lot in life has been so happy a one, because we were taught by our dear mothers, as soon as we could lisp, to ask of God to take our hearts and affections, and mould them to his will,—that when I hear of anything so sad as Camilla Barnaby’s end, I am quite miserable. She was not brought up to be *in* the world, and yet not *of* the world; for never was a girl used from her cradle, as she was, to live merely for amusement. You may remember how foolish Mrs. Barnaby was in listening to all her whims; and how her whims and fancies increased daily, just because her mother did listen to them. Have you forgotten that day we all passed at her house, when she insisted upon having the pony in the nursery? and when he had done more mischief to her baby-house than she liked, she had him taken down and well beaten, insisting that the gardener should turn her play-room

into a garden? and when it was filled with soil, and a number of plants brought up, watering them till the water ran through to the ceiling of the drawing-room underneath? We did not see much of her after she grew up and married; but the same system went on in everything. She was very extravagant, spending as much money upon her dress and jewellery as would have supported many infirm old people comfortably. She was passionately fond of study, very clever, having learnt everything that could be learnt, till she was wiser than her teachers,—not in true wisdom, for of that, alas! she never thought; and even on her dying bed there was no repentance—no knowledge of her fearful, fearful state, for she died in delirium. Oh! dear Sophy, is it not shocking? My heart aches when I think of it all; and I feel ready to choke, it makes me so unhappy. She married Mr. Crosby, and went to Naples with him. She was bent on travelling. It was her new idea, her latest whim. Mr. Crosby is a silly good-natured young man, who proposed to her because she

said how very much she longed to travel, and had nobody to travel with her; and as he is handsome, and has a moderate fortune, her parents gave their consent. What could they wish for more in their daughter's husband? It seems as if it were but yesterday—and so in fact it was almost—we read in the *Morning Post* the account of her splendid wedding, of all the fashionable people that attended it, of her Brussels lace dress and diamond ornaments, of the grand breakfast and the beautiful presents. How happy was Camilla! Her heart, alas! was in such things; and the duties of her new life—the important duties on which she was about to enter—did not occupy her thoughts one instant. She kissed her father and mother as joyously as if she were not quitting their roof for ever,—as if she felt it no grievance to be away from the thousand proofs of fervent love they gave her, day after day, with such unwearied perseverance. How different your wedding was, in every respect, Sophy! Off set the Crosbys. It was like the *Mariage enfantin*. Neither of

them had an idea how to manage about getting their tickets for the different trains and steam-boats: foreign money was a mystery to them. No couple ever went off less prepared for any difficulties. Camilla had never reflected about any one single thing in her life; but as Mr. Crosby was indolent and undertook nothing, she was obliged to rouse herself and undertake everything. By the time she reached Naples, she was an expert traveller: but many were the annoyances and blunders of the journey; and she found that travelling was not that delightful thing she had imagined. When she arrived at Naples, it was one scene of racketting and dissipation from morning till night. There were fêtes on the water and on shore; breakfasts at one o'clock at the Italian houses, which were the dinners of the natives; sight-seeing, driving, riding, dinnering, dancing, and supping, till three or four o'clock of the morning. Then Camilla had to think about her toilette for going on board some frigate early the next day. In short, for one whole month, she did not get,

any night, three hours' refreshing sleep. The more fagged and jaded she felt, the more determined she was to continue. She was sure, she averred, that she should get used to it. But one morning her maid went to tell her it was late, and that some gentlemen were waiting to know what were her wishes for the day: she found her mistress in a high fever, unable to comprehend what she was saying to her, looking wildly round, and asking in a hoarse voice for water. Mr. Crosby sent for a physician, who gave no hope from the first. She had so completely worn her strength out, that she could not bear the remedies that might have saved her. She died in a horrible state, screaming, throwing herself about, and perfectly unfit to pass into the presence of her Maker. It is very, very awful! is it not? Mr. Crosby is quite willing it should be as it is. He never felt the least interest in Camilla, and seems as if he had awakened from a long nightmare. However, let us talk of other things, Sophy. I should not like you to have red eyes and pale cheeks,

from weeping, when Mr. Murray returns home to dinner. After all the noise, heat, bustle, and strife of opinions and tongues in the committee-rooms where he has been, your cheerful countenance is the sight that most unfatigues and re-exhilarates him. Whilst we are alone, I can tell you of that foolish body, Lady Letitia Arkway. She would insist upon visiting with me yesterday; for though she is twenty years older than I am, she cannot make up her mind to go anywhere alone, and without a chaperon. She is an ex-beauty, you know; and the way in which she continues to make herself believe she is a beauty still—for she, of course, deceives no one else—is utterly absurd. She tells me sometimes, when I hint at other women younger than herself as still having attractions,—‘Dear me! how silly of them to think so! It is seldom people retain their good looks as I have done. This morning, I was told I looked quite as young as my niece, and certainly more likely to please the fastidious.’ The old goose! to believe all the nonsense the men choose to say, as if

they did not do it on purpose to quiz her. She really might have learned by this time, that if a man admire a woman, it is not by such broad insignificant compliments — such gross flattery — that he expresses his admiration. In her young days, she would probably have been the first to laugh at such words, when they might have been applicable; and now, in her old age, she swallows it all,—and more than that, takes pleasure in hearing such things; and gentlemen find it very amusing, in an idle hour, to make a butt of her. She was in the height of her glory yesterday, for she had a new bonnet from Paris; and her gown, sash, and tight-fitting polka were such as a girl of two or three and twenty would have thought too childish. She dyes her hair, paints her eyebrows, and, having heard that rouge is easily detected, to give herself a complexion, she sleeps with a small piece of raw meat on each cheek, and, to preserve her shape, goes to bed with her day 'whalebone armour' on; and in the morning, lest her things should slip from the exact posi-



tion in which she wishes them to remain, she has her clothes sewed on her, as we do for infants, when we fear pins or hard buttons might hurt them. Away we went in my brougham; and it was a perfect comedy to see her trying to gain or secure all hearts. Every one on whom we called was at home, as if purposely to give her an opportunity of showing off her fresh toilette. She caressed the babies, and talked of the happiness of the first tooth to the admiring mammas; and praised awkward lads to the proud papas; told the girls she had heard of conquests which she would not name; assured the maiden ladies that she, from experience, could congratulate them upon being free from scolding husbands and bawling brats. The finest fun was with Colonel Delafield, whom we met at your sister Maria's. Mrs. Vivian is such a jolly soul, she amuses a man like Colonel Delafield; and he often visits her. Lady Letitia had heard of his well-filled purse; and building a fine castle in the air, in the shortest space of time possible, she imagined such a man would be delighted

to be allied to the nobility. He is of a very good family himself; still he would only gain by a connection with her very extensive circle. She fancied some one had told her, Nabobs were fond of good eating,—especially if, as in his case, they had the good fortune to return to Europe with an un-Indian state of health; so with a smile she turned towards him, and, wishing to appear very delicate in her apprehension of his peculiar taste, she asked him if he had ever eaten *croûtes aux fraises*, for that she had a most excellent receipt for that simple Swiss dish. Colonel Delafield's face was worth the study of the most celebrated portrait-painter. He is a very fine-looking man, extremely eccentric in his ideas and opinions, very quick at perceiving motives, and especially well-read in the female arts of entanglement. He humoured Lady Letitia to the top of her bent; declared 'he had seldom met with a lady who could so immediately discover what was a man's peculiar propensity; that he was delighted to find one so little engrossed with her own charms,

—charms which were so pre-eminent as to be full of what must be gratifying and pleasing to a man who had so long been a stranger to his native country: he felt her kindness deeply;’ and drawing his chair closer to hers, he began an animated discussion on recipes in particular, and cookery in general, that was so clever and witty, that he made it quite a literary treat to us who were listening. Lady Letitia, who really has a good understanding, and is ready at repartee, made answers that astonished Colonel Delafield, and obliged him to put forth all his powers, so as not to be in the background. Lady Letitia was very deservedly admired when she was young; but she never could make up her mind to marry, always hoping that some extraordinarily bright star would appear on her horizon: and if she is lonely now, and repents of having said ‘Nay’ at least once too often, I do not pity her,—for if she did not love any man sufficiently to subdue her ambitious views, she would not have been happy as a wife; for nothing but unwearied affection can compen-

sate for the troubles and harassing cares of married life. But the habit of wishing and seeking this star is so completely second nature to her, that she cannot help decking herself out by dress and youthful graces to captivate and be captivated still. How are your dear little children, Sophy?"

"Quite well, thank you; and as merry, happy, and diligent a little set as can be. I allowed them to go to Lady McNeile's ball last Wednesday. I do not do so often, because people have such late, unwholesome hours for the little folks. They were much amused, and danced very gaily. The elder ones are now learning to dance, for that can scarcely be taught too early, and were glad of practising with their young friends. My little girls looked very pretty in their white muslin frocks and pink sashes, with a small rose in the sash, and their ringlets in order. I did not in the least object to their being told how well they looked; for women, deservedly or not, will be objects of attention and admiration sometimes in the course of their lives.

I therefore wish Emily and Cornelia early to feel, that if their persons are above the usual average of beauty, that very much will be expected from them of good sense, unaffected manners, and feminine delicacy."

As Mrs. Murray rose to take leave, Lady Wordsworth said, "By the bye, Sophy, ask your William to tell my James where he bought those pretty flower-stands for you, and what the price of them is? He is my book of knowledge. I always find his information correct; and I am glad, for his sake, to hear from you, that he passes his leisure time so rationally, trying to improve himself, and does not get into idle, unsteady, extravagant habits."

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## CHAPTER VI.

COLONEL DELAFIELD was, indeed, a most eccentric man. He had been in India the greatest part of his life; and having been a good deal knocked about and wounded, and seen more of war than consorted with his taste, though he was as brave as a lion, and generous to friend and foe, as a Christian should be,—he was often known to have his tent full of sick from the enemy's side, that he tended with the greatest possible care and kindness. Yet, as soon as he became Lieutenant-Colonel, he left the army; and, just then, having made some capital hits in speculation, he wisely determined, since his final intention was to *die* in England, he would gather up his goods and return to Europe,

before his health failed, so that he might *live* a short time while there, before he was laid in his narrow bed.

He was a remarkably fine soldier-like looking man. His many severe wounds made him a hero in the ladies' eyes, and they considered him an interesting personage. He was extremely merry, but wisely so. He was not perpetually cutting jokes, and never in his life had been able to enjoy a practical joke. He did not consider a joke at all, a way he had of curing young ladies of flirting, and of taking conceited girls at their word, if they pretended modesty when showing off their accomplishments. "He was determined," he said, "to be the champion of his own sex. Those who, in war, cut off all the legs and arms they could reach of the enemy, did it all in fair play and open warfare: but when women laid siege to a man's heart, they did it in ambush and by stratagem; and a man robbed of his affections was very much more to be pitied than if he had lost both arms and legs."

One day, when he was descanting upon this, a lady asked him, "What he thought of men who, conscious of their power, coquetted, flirted, and carried off women's hearts without the slightest intention of giving their own in return, and, usually, merely to see what fools they could make of them?"

"What do I think? what do I think? Why, that the heartless rascals deserve to be put in the pillory; that each female of their acquaintance should pelt them with faded roses; and that the men should pump upon them. I have no patience whatever with women who do what is wrong; and still less with men, when they err."

He had known some of the Montgomery family in India, very intimately; and when he came to England, he was immediately received by our Montgomerys as an old friend. He was, at first, a little puzzled as to the state of affairs in Wimpole Street; and could not well make out how Bob Montgomery and Eliza Macfarlane seemed so enchanted with each other; and that the kind-hearted, sympa-



thizing Jane looked so coldly upon their love, whilst she seemed never tired of talking of Sir Charles Hay and Cecilia Grahame, and of her earnest wish that Cecilia were stronger, that Sir Charles Hay might propose to her. She knew Miss Grahame had much too strict and exalted notions of the duties of a mistress of a house, and of a wife as the indefatigable companion of her husband, to think of marrying, so long as she could not even walk across her own room without halting and being out of breath. She, therefore, was persuaded she would refuse Sir Charles' hand, should he offer it just then; and *that*, she thought, would be worse than anything, for Sir Charles Hay was not a man to return a second time to the charge.

Still, Jane looked coldly on her brother's love-making; and Colonel Delafield was determined, before he went to work, to see exactly how matters stood. Jane never, of her own accord, asked the Macfarlanes to dinner; but Bob often persuaded his father to allow him to invite Lady Hariot and Eliza. Lady Hariot

was too silly to reflect that the invitation should have come from the lady of the house, and was charmed by every opportunity that enabled her to dress out her pretty little self; and Eliza was much too careless of forms and etiquette, to be in the least particular as to the manner in which she could meet Mr. Montgomery.

Miss Montgomery never dined at the Macfarlanes', and neither of them minded her not doing so. They rather thought her absence a gain: for poor Jane had, most unintentionally, often yawned when Lady Hariot was describing the contents of her last box of Parisian fashions; and long before she had finished talking of the depth of the lace round her pocket-handkerchiefs, and of the trimming of the ball dress she meant to wear at Lady McNeile's, on the 28th of June, Miss Montgomery had given many unequivocal signs of wandering thoughts.

Eliza naturally regarded Miss Montgomery as a most inconvenient person. For if Bob were present, she could not flirt with him at

her case, when Miss Montgomery was near enough to overhear their conversation. If he were of the party, Miss Montgomery's presence was a still greater restraint, as then she could not lay herself open to the attentions of any other man.

All this, at length, Colonel Delafield made out satisfactorily to himself. He watched and listened; and when the whole was clear to him, he made up his mind what he would do. He would allow Eliza to set her snares for him, and he would pretend to be caught. As there would be no heart in the business on either side, he felt his conscience quite clear of duplicity. He did not tell Jane of his plan: for though it probably would have been a comfort to her, yet he thought perfect discretion was the most likely to succeed; and he could make Jane help him infinitely more skilfully, if she did not know what she was about, than if she did.

The Macfarlanes and himself dined together at the Montgomerys'; and Colonel Delafield, quite contrary to his usual custom, drew the

attention of the assembled guests to himself. He spoke not loudly, but in a manly and rather low tone of voice, that he might oblige the company to turn towards him, if they wished to hear him. He talked of dangerous adventures among wild beasts,—then of daring feats in war; and, ever and anon, said something of himself personally, not as if he wished to boast, but as if he had been called upon to take so prominent a part in the deed, that to talk of his own prowess was unavoidable. He finished by saying, that although he had been wounded by men, and had often been a prisoner, he knew not how it happened that he had never yet met with the woman that had taken him captive, and led him in her chains; and then, half-laughing, half-sighing, he added, “It only shows me how much more disinterested ladies are than they are represented to be; for I have gold coins in abundance, and am known to have in my possession beautiful cachmeres, and countless unset precious stones.” Then, as if he were taken by surprise, and did not

exactly mean to have said so much, he turned to Eliza, and said, "It is an old fashion I know, Miss Macfarlane, but will *you* take a glass of wine with me. I feel that if you do so, the consent will be a pardon for having kept you from more agreeable conversation. I am ashamed of my egotism."

How delighted Eliza was to be chosen from amongst all the pretty girls round the table for such an honour! Young Montgomery, whose suspicions were not in the least aroused, felt as proud as if a signal favour had been conferred on himself. Lady Hariot was lost in a reverie. Such a delight it would be to have one of those superb cachmeres! They must be much handsomer, she was sure, than any she had; and would it be possible to coax from Colonel Delafield any of those unset precious stones? She was, just at the time, particularly longing for a tiara of various gems, such as she had seen the day before at Storr and Mortimer's.

Colonel Delafield was perfectly aware that the bait had taken; and he was his usual self

for the rest of the evening, talking rationally with all the sensible people whose acquaintance he had made, joining in Mrs. Vivian's merry laughs and nonsense every now and then. In the evening the young folks danced to the piano; the elder ones discussed the politics of the day; and Colonel Delafield cut in, at times, as fifth in a rubber of whist.

Colonel Delafield was determined to make no advances towards Eliza, such as might be remembered against him when the game was up,—he would only meet her half-way; and as soon as young Montgomery's eyes were open, he intended to withdraw, and leave Miss Macfarlane to try her hand on some one else.

Sir Charles Hay was the only person who saw through his scheme; and though he did not quite approve, yet he rejoiced that his dear friend would, by this means, get disengaged from the web that had been spun around him. He determined, therefore, to let matters take their course, without any word from him of encouragement or disapprobation. Bob was, however, surprised he had ceased altogether from

warning him, and he was hurt; for he fancied that, at last, he would be convinced of his Eliza's sincerity, and own how much he had been mistaken. But that he should neither exhort nor congratulate him, was an indifference very painful to him. Often he resolved he would begin the subject himself; but as often found that the words would not be emitted,—they always stuck in his throat.

Things went on in this way for some weeks. The ground was sinking under Bob's feet, but so gradually that he did not perceive it; and although it was extremely tantalizing to have Colonel Delafield so often a third in his conversations with Miss Macfarlane, and he could not altogether divest himself of a little jealousy, when he saw how delighted she looked at his approach, and how immediately she arranged that he should have a seat near her,—yet the Colonel was so calm, so polite to him, looked so unwooing-like, that he tried to repress all uncomfortable presentiments.

Eliza thought often, however, of the gold

coins in abundance, of the cachmeres, of the diamonds and rubies; and wished she had a fairy wand by which she could transport herself to his rooms, and ransack all his treasures, with full permission to help herself; and if—more delightful than all—she could win the great prize, and become Mrs. Delafield, what happiness could equal hers? She began to be so absorbed with these ideas and wishes, that her manner changed towards Montgomery; and he was much surprised to find how often she pretended she was tired, and could not dance with him, looking fresher and more blooming even than at the beginning of the evening, and contrived to get him into an engagement with some other girl standing by; and when he was fairly launched in a *chaîne Anglaise*, or *en avant deux*, would rise and seek for Colonel Delafield, and beg of him to take her to the refreshment-room. She would contrive to sit down so that he was jammed in, and could not get away without disturbing a great many people.

Colonel Delafield pretended, each time that



they separated, "he had not been conscious how indiscreet he had been, in keeping Miss Macfarlane away from her crowd of admirers; but that there was nothing so difficult for him, as to give up the treat of conversing with one who had such great powers of entertaining those that were so fortunate as to be amongst her friends."

The Colonel took care never to compromise himself by any sentimental speech. Not so the young lady. She tried in every way to draw forth some flattering answers to her attacks upon his heart. She did all she could to prove to him that she never, till now, met with the man that could steal away her esteem and her unfeigned regard, as he did,—to show him how much she considered a man of his age more likely to make a gay, thoughtless girl happy, than one who loved her too much to see her faults; that the deference she felt for him, taught her what was wanting in herself. It must be confessed, she acted her part so well that Colonel Delafield was sometimes staggered, and almost began to fear

he was really captivating her; but then he watched her when she was talking with other men, and a glance often sufficed to re-assure him. At times he could overhear her conversation in a dance, when her partner was led to believe that he only, of all the tribe of accomplished young men, possessed the talents and the gifts most pleasing to her. How mortified she would have been, had she known who was standing by her!

A new person was introduced in the scene about this time, that became a conspicuous character in our little drama. It was a charming young widow. Without being pretty, there was something irresistibly pleasing about her. She united the dignity of the matron with the guilelessness of a young girl; and whilst no man was awed by her, each felt as if in the presence of a superior being. She had been married to a Mr. Anstruther, who had treated her vilely,—a dissipated, frivolous, heartless young man, who had married her because she had money, but without the slightest intention of making her a good husband.

He found other young men were striving for the prize: he determined, therefore, to woo and win her. Besides, it was as good a "lark" as any other; better, perhaps, as it stirred up his energies, and gave a zest to his actions, rather more prolonged than any of his usual pranks.

Anstruther was a great hypocrite. He deceived Miss Morley's parents and friends as much as he did her. He had made the acquaintance of the family once when he was deer-stalking; and the double amusement was everything that he could desire. Before he left the moors, he had promised to return in a short time, and become the husband of the amiable and engaging Susan Morley. He was so great a contrast to her, that she never knew one moment of happiness from the time she married. She would probably have died of a broken heart, had he not brought himself into a decline three years after their marriage, which took him from her, after an illness of many months, which he bore with the peevishness of a child, and the temper of

Satan. His sad, impious end was like a phantom that pursued her through life; and it was with much difficulty she had been persuaded to enter into the world again,—a world of which she knew little, for she had scarcely left the school-room when she went to the altar. During the three years she was Mr. Anstruther's wife, she had been obliged to live constantly in her own boudoir, or her garden; for he brought such low company to the house, she could not associate with his rollicking companions. She was introduced to Jane Montgomery; and, notwithstanding the difference of age, they soon became friends. They found much congeniality of sentiment and of opinion, that made their intimacy particularly pleasing; whilst there was so little resemblance between the picture of life that each could hold to the other, that they had a never-ending source of sweet communication. Jane was a great believer in sympathy, and could produce numberless instances of it that were really very interesting, and particularly so to Mrs. An-

struther, who had never met with sympathy of any kind till now.

Bob Montgomery took a most extraordinary dislike to this new general favourite. He foresaw, as he imagined, all he should have to undergo of comparison between her and Eliza; and was determined he never would admit the least balance in the widow's favour; and he was most especially nerved up to *doggedness* about it, because he was beginning to fear, that if everybody preferred Mrs. Anstruther to Miss Macfarlane, that everybody was right.

Eliza had already begun to vote Bob in the way. She made no effort to please him. She was always tired from the gaiety of the preceding evening; or Lady Hariot had said she must read a new novel in a hurry, because she wished to lend it to some one. In short, she neither smiled nor chatted so brilliantly as she did, nor made half the engagements she used to make with him. The truth was beginning to be evident to him; and he avoided Sir Charles Hay and

his sister as much as he could, pretending that he had an unheard-of quantity of law business to which he must attend. He was full of hope, that it was only a dark cloud hovering over his destiny, that would disperse without the gathering and visitation of a storm. It is so hard, so very hard, to give up altogether a long and deeply-cherished wish! It is like parting with a portion of one's self: it is like a breaking in two of one's frame! Oh! the dreary, dreary feeling, that all is over of hope! that *it* can never be! Poor Bob was not yet come to this point, but he was very near it. He made a grand mistake, when he thought his sister would torment him with invidious comparisons: she had long known that would be the most unwise plan she could pursue. She wished Eliza to be forgotten, and the fascinating widow to take her place in her brother's affections, quite unknown to himself.

## CHAPTER VII.

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SIR CHARLES HAY found Miss  
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S \*\*\*\*\* Grahame reclining on the sofa.  
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\*\*\*\*\* As he had been absent, he had  
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\*\*\*\*\* not seen her for some little  
while; and was much grieved indeed to perceive, that, far from rallying, she was weaker, thinner, and paler, but more beautiful than ever. Her eyes were wondrously bright; and though she was suffering greatly from debility and neuralgia, she had such a happy look that he was quite startled. There was something seraphic in her countenance.

Mrs. Grahame heard Sir Charles Hay's voice, but she did not leave her place. She was writing letters of importance, in an adjoining room; and was glad dear Cecilia had some one with her, whose society and

conversation were such a source of recreation to her.

"Dear Miss Grahame," said Sir Charles, in shaking her gently but affectionately by the hand, "I am indeed pained to see you on your sofa. I was in hopes my prayers would have been heard; and that I should have found you much better when I returned to town."

"Thank you, Sir Charles. It is very kind of you to have thought of me in your communings with Heaven. I like, of all things, that those who have a regard for me should commend me in their prayers to the care of our common Father; but do not think them unanswered, or at least unheard, because they are not granted exactly in the way and time you wish and expect. A delay may be good, both for you and me; and I am persuaded it is so. If I am not restored to health through your intercession,—for we are desired to put up our supplications for all men, and therefore it must be right to do so,—yet we shall both be the better, and consequently the



happier, for the increased fervour of your petitions; for health to our souls is preferable far to health for our bodies. How did you find your uncle? He is a pattern of patience under suffering. He must be a pious man; for no spirit but that of God could enable him to bear the martyrdom he has to endure, with that meekness and cheerfulness which never fail him. He always seems much more annoyed by the trouble he gives, and by the grief he causes to those around him, than by any suffering, however acute. Whenever I am in the least inclined to murmur, when my head aches, or when I feel particularly unwell, I think of Mr. Hay, and forthwith profit by his example."

"How glad my uncle would be if he heard that! He is, you know, always very full of the importance of example and influence, and says, 'It is astonishing how it resembles the small cloud which Elijah discovered, that, at first scarcely visible, descends sometimes in torrents of good, producing fruit on trees that seemed to be almost withered!' I am sure his

example of patience has been greatly blest, for I often have the gratification of hearing people say what you have just said of him."

"But, after all, you have not told me how he is, Sir Charles."

"Much better than usual. His attack of gout was very sharp, but did not last long; and when he got a little better, instead of taking one of his stationary journeys, we took a real trip, and went to Leamington, as he fancied the waters might benefit him. The combination of the change of air and of scene, with the exercise he had in travelling, and that the waters necessitated, has certainly been extremely beneficial; and I left him yesterday safe back again in his own arm-chair, at Ravenhills, quite an altered man."

"Did you see any old friends at Leamington?"

"I saw your beloved pastor, Dr. Marsh; and I listened with great attention to everything I could hear of him, on purpose to tell you, for I know so well how much all that concerns him interests you. He is not so

strong as many men of his age, but he has always been of a delicate constitution. It appears, however, that it is a sort of delicacy that has much power of endurance; like woman's love when genuine,—that gentle, and easily swayed by man's conduct, is, nevertheless, imperishable."

"I have very good reason, I think, for holding fast by Dr. Marsh as I do. He is quite a pillar of orthodoxy in these wild rambling days, when the uppermost wish of high and low seems to be to live and die in a section of the Church in which they were not born nor educated. Scarcely a day passes but one hears of some new-fangled doctrine, or the revival of some obsolete one; and sobriety, which St. Paul so very, very often recommends, is scarcely ever thought of. How earnestly he exhorts the Bishops, young clergymen, aged men, wives, young women, each and all, to be sober, temperate in all things, to let their moderation be seen by all men!"

"I am afraid, few of us think so much of

this often-repeated injunction as we ought to do, Miss Grahame. I know I am often too vehement, when my own opinions are contradicted."

"The more need for you, Sir Charles, to try to keep your enthusiasm and zeal in proper bounds. I suppose you saw all the ladies scribbling away as usual, during the sermon. What a busy, bustling age we live in! Everybody seems to think everything must be done by railway speed. I confess I much prefer the way my dear father taught me, of listening with attention to the sermon, and writing what I recollected on my return home. Church is not the place where people should be occupied with their paper and pencils, as if each person were a reporter for the press. You see, Sir Charles, whilst finding fault with others, I am doing exactly what Solomon enjoins us not to do; and that is, saying that people were wiser in my young days than they are now. What did you hear about my dear Dr. Marsh?"

"Nothing very new; but still, as you like

to hear everything about him, I will tell you that once, when he was at Exeter Hall, arriving rather early, he found himself alone on a bench with a gentleman, who, from the number of questions he put to him, could only be a lawyer or a Yankee. He found he was, in fact, an American; and after asking him about this person and that, this thing and the other, he asked, 'To whom am I indebted for all these courteous replies?' 'I am Dr. Marsh.' 'What! Dr. Marsh, the friend of the Jews?' Dr. Marsh's heart leaped within him. He felt, to be called the friend of the Jews was the greatest compliment that could be paid to him; and to be known as such, even in America, was delightful to him."

"Yes, I believe Zacharias and Abraham are names more euphonious to his ears than those of Charles and Cecilia; although he loves all mankind, and would do good, if he could, to the soul and body of every human being in need. He is a marvellous exemplification of the happiness which love to God produces; the sunshine of peace and cheerfulness

never quits him, and the severest misfortunes only weigh him down for a short season. Did you ever hear the anecdote of the man who acknowledged he owed his life to him? It does indeed show us the truth of the promise: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters; and after many days thou shalt find it.' When he was a young man, he preached a series of Sermons on the Liturgy, and in due time came to the Eighth Commandment. Many years after he met a man, in a place far away from the parish, who accosted him, and asked him if he were not Dr. Marsh. He answered in the affirmative. 'Then, Sir, you will be pleased to know that I owe my life to you.'— 'You! why I never saw you before!' 'That is very true, Sir; but I was, nevertheless, one of your parishioners when you preached, in 18—, upon the Liturgy,—and the words *Thou shalt not kill* made so deep an impression on me, that at the time when you explained the heinousness of the sin of taking away human life, I inwardly begged of God, that if I were ever tempted to do so, the words

might recur to my mind in full power from Him. I left your parish, Sir, and led a most irreligious life. God and his commandments were never in my thoughts; and after trying many ways to make a fortune, and always failing, just as my success seemed certain, being one day by the sea-side, I resolved on the first opportunity to bear the burden of disappointment and poverty no longer. I watched and watched for an opportunity, which did not occur for a fortnight, until at last I found myself quite alone, and was on the point of leaping into the water, when the words *Thou shalt not kill* came suddenly and forcibly to my mind. I had the courage to turn and run to my own poor abode; and throwing myself on my knees, I vowed to the God, who, after so long a period of time, graciously blest the prayer of my youth, that if He would now and henceforth assist me, I would become His servant and child. Since that hour everything has prospered with me; and though I am not rich, I am happy, contented, and have enough.' "

"These anecdotes are indeed very encouraging to us all, to say and do what is right, in the face of the greatest difficulties, and even when there is not, at the time, the slightest hope of doing effective good."

"I wonder why the ministers have never done anything to raise Dr. Marsh in the hierarchy,—no man deserves it better!"

"I was at Leamington just after the inundation in the lower town. 'The oldest inhabitant' did not, of course, recollect such a flood. When did 'the oldest inhabitant' ever recollect anything? Folks might be tired of citing him by this time, I should think. How are you all going on in town, dear Miss Grahame? I was so anxious to know how you were, that I have not been anywhere to inquire what has been passing during my absence."

"And I have been too unwell to see any people; so what is going on in the political, great, and fashionable world, I cannot say. Our set has had a most agreeable addition,—a charming widow, a Mrs. Anstruther, has



become one of us, and is a great deal with the Montgomerys."

"Ah! I was introduced to her the evening before I left. She does indeed seem very pleasing; and yet her countenance bears such traces of sorrow, as are very painful to witness in one so young."

A step was heard in the ante-room. It was Colonel Delafield's. The servant opened the door, and he entered. He felt as if he were intruding: but calm self-possession, and instant perception of what was best to be done, were among his characteristics; and with a kind, unembarrassed manner, he walked up to Sir Charles Hay, and then to Miss Grahame's sofa, and seated himself in an arm-chair at the foot of it, resolving that, if he were in the way, he would soon leave.

"Colonel," said Cecilia, "you are just come in time to give us your opinion of the charming widow."

This put Colonel Delafield quite at his ease as to the intrusion; not quite as to the widow, for a deep blush passed over his face.

“Miss Grahame, you are one of the only women I know who delight in listening to the praises of another woman; and to you then I may confide, that I consider Mrs. Anstruther the perfection of her sex. Her mournful way is so winning, I long, each time I see her, to throw myself at her feet, and ask permission to devote my existence to the endeavour of chasing away her melancholy. But Anstruther has given her such a hatred to fine words and complimentary speeches, that she fears falsehood and hollowness in the expression of the most genuine sentiments: and if I ever say anything approaching to the state of my real feelings, she looks at me, as much as to say, ‘Even you wish to mock me;’ and there is something so sweet, so reproachful, so painful, in her countenance, that I instantly think myself a brute, and ask her some frivolous question, that must make her doubt whether I have common sense. Half the men I see are in love with her. There is only Bob Montgomery who seems determined to give her credit for play-

not a man, not a man, not a man, but a regular business-man. I am sorry for him, but he has not got the right way to work, and he is a very good man in the end."

"How are you getting on with his system, George?" Sir Charles then had told me about your scheme for procuring Mr. Macfarlane from her house."

"Charming!" I am quite pleased with my success hitherto. I must be quick: I have only to-day and to-morrow to act in. This evening I meet her at Lady Augusta Brownville's: and to-morrow, you know, we have the breakfast at Richmond for the boat-race. I have made up my mind to torture poor Bob cruelly; and have managed that the Macfarlanes, Bob and his sister, Mrs. Anstruther, and your humble servant, shall go in the same carriage in the train. I must make the most of the few opportunities left me: the Macfarlanes leave town the day after to-morrow. That poor Macfarlane is obstinate, as all ignorant rich people are; and having a wife and daughter they might come

to London for three months, he would not give them another day, even if either of them were dying. Not that he has the least love for them, but a very large proportion for his own will and way."

"Of course, you have consoled Miss Macfarlane, by promising soon to pay her a visit in the country."

"Far from it. I have not held out any hope of such happiness for her, though she has offered me every species of amusement—hunting, shooting, fishing, and the assizes. Little as I value her, I think I should be positively rude to her, if I could imagine she is one of those females that could go into a court of justice, if there should be a trial for murder. She has not yet mentioned such a horrible thing. It looked so like it, when she talked of the assizes as a recreation and excitement for me, that I rose and walked to the other end of the room, lest she should see what was passing in my mind. I would rather marry a black woman than the prettiest girl in Europe, if she had attended a trial for

murder. How could a woman who had gone into courts, where every evil passion had a place in the heart of some one, and perhaps of many there,—listened to details which make even a man's blood curdle,—looked with complacency on a being who had sent a fellow-creature, without one moment for seeking peace with his Saviour, into the presence of the great God,—how could such a woman return to dine with me, and talk to me of having taught our little child to lisp his first prayer in the morning? The very women who do such things will faint in church, scream at a spider, and seek for a whole host of men to guard them from a barking cur! I am waxing warm, Miss Grahame, and fatiguing you; so I will go and take a turn in the park,—I find walking agrees with me better than riding. I wish you were well enough to go to Richmond with us to-morrow."

"To Richmond—for the sake of seeing Mr. Edward Montgomery, that amiable, kind-hearted old gentleman, and for the beauty of the place, I should like very much to go;

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but crowded, gay, noisy parties, and I, were never made for each other. Good morning, Colonel. You would do me a great favour, if you would come yourself, and give me a description of the fête."

"If I am alive, on Thursday, I will do so. Good morning."

## CHAPTER VIII.

TRUE to his promise, on Thursday, Colonel Delafield called on Miss Grahame. Her mother was sitting with her; and he gave them an account of the party.

"I feel," he said, "rather discomposed this morning. I did not think I should have had any remorse about my conduct to poor Lizzie: but, in sober truth, when I saw her unfeigned grief, that the season had been so fruitless a one to her, my conscience gave me a twinge; for, after all, Bob might have been happy with her, for aught I know. At any rate, for to-day at least, they are very unhappy without each other. We went in the train, according to the arrangement I had made. I pushed Bob into a middle seat, opposite the widow,

and took mine next to him, opposite Miss Macfarlane; so that each of us could see both the ladies. The widow was no doubt much perplexed at all she witnessed: for she is the most simple-hearted, innocent-minded creature I ever saw; and I am convinced that Algebra and Greek would be a thousand-fold more comprehensible to her, than the tortuous way of a flirt, and of an experienced man of the world. Fortunately, she and Miss Montgomery fell into a long conversation about sympathy; and it occupied Mrs. Anstruther almost exclusively. Lizzie was quite off her guard, and showed so unequivocally that the time was drawing nigh when she and I must separate, and how desirous she was to bring me to propose, that Montgomery must have been on thorns. The journey is not a long one: had it been so, I would not have arranged it as I did; for even *I* could not have borne the restraint for more than an hour. The day was lovely. I gave my Lizzie my arm, and left Montgomery the charge of all the other ladies. Lady Hariot soon found



a kindred spirit in Lady Letitia Arkway, who was all lace and feathers, and really looked so handsome, I thought even I might do worse than make her my rib. We all went different ways; Miss Macfarlane always taking care to draw me gently away from the crowd. I need not give you a description of the boat-race, nor of the breakfast, nor of the sauntering and chatting. All these things are so exactly like each other, that I do not think I shall torment myself by going to any more of them. It is too early in the day to begin amusing oneself. I have neither youth, nor health, nor love of dissipation, in sufficient stock to enable me to enjoy such very fatiguing pleasure. I would much rather sit in Miss Montgomery's room, whilst she is knitting her purses, and listen to her conversations with Mrs. Anstruther. There is always something refreshing and improving in everything she says; and yet no one in the world has less pedantry, or seems to aim less at making everybody think as she does. She is for herself only, independently of all

others; and whilst she has her own opinion strongly biassed on all subjects, she allows every one freedom of thought and action. Mrs. Anstruther's admiration of her is quite delightful. She drinks in every word she utters; and looks every now and then gently round, as if she would say, 'Is she not perfect?' We did as all the rest did, pretended to be looking at the boat-race; whilst our thoughts were elsewhere. We eat strawberries and cream, and listened apparently to the music. I espied Montgomery, his sister, and Mrs. Anstruther standing by the water's edge; and so engaged, I felt persuaded, *now or never* must be my motto with respect to the completion of my task; and I seated myself with Miss Macfarlane on a bench, so that she had her back to the trio. Montgomery was standing nearest to us, and, I saw, perceived us; and hearing the sound of Miss Macfarlane's voice, he started, but almost imperceptibly. The two ladies were talking together. Montgomery, I find, never takes a lady on each arm. He says, foreigners think it so ludic-

rous, and declare a man is like *un panier à deux anses* that walks in that position; and as at that moment he was not much inclined to be gallant, he had disengaged himself from both. Miss Macfarlane was looking down, agitated in reality I believe, hoping that the auspicious moment was come; for she had always been told, that it is at the hour of parting, we men unfold the secrets of our bosom, and decide our fate by declaring our love. I had, however, no time to lose. If Montgomery left that spot, the game was up; so I immediately began, 'Are you not grieved, Miss Macfarlane, that the sad day is come, that you are now about to be separated for months, for ever, from one who is devotedly attached to you?' She looked up in my face, and actually there was a tear in her eye,—her lips quivered whilst she said, 'Why should it be for months? for ever?' 'It is your fault; you are aware of that.' —'My fault! what have I done to cause you to misunderstand me?' 'Nothing in the world: I understand all your thoughts, as if

you had a glass door to them, and I could read them through it. There is one, Miss Macfarlane,'—my voice was rather stern, and she looked up again, then dropped her eyelids slowly,—‘There is one whom you have cruelly misled, who believed in your truth, who trusted in your assurances, who’”——

Just as Colonel Delafield had come so far, Miss Montgomery was announced. He was therefore obliged to break off his narrative, to which Mrs. and Miss Grahame were listening with breathless interest.

“How do you do, Cecilia?” she said; “I am come to give you my version of the fête yesterday: for I know very well, if you have twenty descriptions, they will all vary in some particulars; and you can form a more complete idea of it, when you have heard what several of us have thought and witnessed. One thing has considerably damped my pleasing recollections of it; and it is, that poor Bob is very ill to-day. I saw him shiver and turn pale yesterday, whilst he was standing by the river; but I did not think

much about it at the time, and was so busy, chatting to Mrs. Anstruther, that I did not do what I should have done, walked him quietly away, and tried to procure him some warm negus. This morning he has sent us word that he is in bed, and far too ill to get up. My uncle inquired a great deal about you, Cecilia, and about Mrs. Grahame. He wishes you would go to him for a few days, for change of air. He is rather smitten, I think."

"I am quite pleased to hear it," said Miss Grahame,—“I am very fond of Mr. Edward Montgomery. There is something so smiling and amiable, so thoroughly the gentleman about him; and his kindness is of the most inexhaustible order.”

“Ah! who knows and can feel that as well as I can? Cecilia, some years ago, when you were quite a little girl, I was very seriously ill, and suffered immensely. Then, this dear, kind uncle, could not show me sufficiently how full his heart was of tenderness for me. There was no sort of couch or chair he did

not give me. He sent me some particularly fine wine, as he knew how easily anything disagreed with me. Any little thing I wished for, if I wrote to him, I was sure to have it, without the least delay, and always so generously, as if it were a pleasure and no expense to him. I really cannot say how much I owe him. I attribute my recovery, in a great measure, to the delightful couches he gave me. However, I think, Cecilia, it is as well for him he should not see you too often, for he would still be susceptible of a great passion; and there is a certain somebody who might not very much relish it, if you bestowed a large amount of reciprocity on my uncle."

Miss Grahame blushed, but made no answer. Colonel Delafield rose, and said he would come another day. "To-morrow, at half-past two, if you will allow me, Miss Grahame, before I go down to Windsor, to see an old friend I have there."

"Oh! do not go yet, Colonel Delafield: I must break the sad news to you of the matri-

monial chance you have lost. It is a part of human nature, to wish to be the first to give intelligence to those from whom we ought to withhold it the longest; so you must listen to me."

Colonel Delafield stood aghast. He thought of Mrs. Anstruther, and how quickly retribution was visited upon him. He fully expected Miss Montgomery would see him shiver and turn pale, as she had seen her brother do yesterday.

Miss Montgomery was so taken up with what she had to say, that she did not observe all that was passing in the Colonel's mind. Indeed, it would have been difficult for the most acute perception to have discovered it; for he was seldom off his guard, and few men betrayed their inward self as little as he did.

"Miss Montgomery," he exclaimed, in a tragi-comic tone, "do not keep me in suspense,—whose heart have I lost?"

"Oh! nobody's heart,—only Lady Letitia Arkway's hand."

They all exclaimed at once, "What can you mean, Miss Montgomery?"

"You cannot be more surprised than Lady Letitia herself at the great event of the day. She met a gentleman, who had, in her young days, been desperately and disinterestedly in love with her. Although she liked him very much, she could not give up her favourite wish of having a coronet; and so she refused him. He went to Russia,—it is astonishing what a knack Cupid has of making travellers, wanderers, and exiles. He settled in St. Petersburg as a merchant, made his fortune, and married there. His wife died a few years ago. His children have chosen homes for themselves; and as he has amply provided for them, he is at liberty to marry again. He was very much struck with Lady Letitia's youthful and fashionable appearance, and she certainly was looking surprisingly well. He found means to gain her undivided attention, and actually proposed to her before they had renewed their acquaintance a couple of hours. Her face of delight at being a bride-elect was



wonderful to behold. She ran up to Lady Hariot Macfarlane, with the most amusing candour, whispering to her, loud enough for every one to hear, 'I am going to be married,—is it not superlatively delicious? I am going to be married at last!' She then ran back again to the spot where she had left Mr. Springfield, who called a cab; and away they drove to Lady Letitia's, just like two children enjoying a holiday. I enjoyed the whole scene very much; for I do like, of all things in the world, to see people's countenances beaming with happiness. I never trouble myself to think it can't last, for no earthly happiness ever does last; and so I do not allow my sympathy to be crushed by any forebodings,—the reverse of the medal is always seen soon enough. Now, you may go, Colonel Delafield."

He bowed, and took his leave.

"Dear Mrs. Grahame, you are not looking so well as usual."

"No, mamma is not well. Do persuade her, Montgomery, to take a drive. Mamma

feels so much when I am in pain, that it makes me quite unhappy, and increases my pain very much. I hide as much as possible from her, but I cannot hide all; and her pale cheeks and tears are more difficult to bear than my own suffering. Let me order the carriage for you, mamma; and I dare say Miss Montgomery will go with you."

"That I will with pleasure."

"Shall I take you to call on your brother, and see how he is this afternoon?"

"No, thank you; my father is gone to see Bob, and I must have you take better air than that of the streets. We will make for the nearest point out of town."

It was all soon done. The carriage came to the door. Mrs. Grahame was bonnetted and shawled, and they were off in an incredibly short time. Where there are energy and order, things are speedily brought about; and as these ladies had both, and the same spirit reigned throughout their households, Mrs. Grahame was soon revelling in the fresh air; and her daughter was left to recover from

the fatigue of the long conversation that had been going on, during that afternoon, in her room.

Mrs. Grahame was always appropriately drest. No one ever saw her shawl awry, her garments of different lengths, her bonnet strings soiled, her gloves not tidy. Her hair was beautifully smooth. There were no symptoms of her having had her clothes flung on with a pitchfork, nor of having been drawn through a hedge backwards,—each part of her lady-like attire was in perfect harmony with the rest.

## CHAPTER IX.

COLONEL DELAFIELD found Mr. Murray with Miss Grahame, when he kept his appointment the next day, and pished and pshawed in his own mind at the second interruption. Mr. Murray had come to consult Miss Grahame about some plan he was propounding for the benefit of the poor: and though both he and she had a great aversion to a committee of women, — he particularly, for he declared he would rather run into an enemy's camp at once, — he knew beforehand what was the worst that could happen to him; but the Babel of a female committee was, he said, beyond his powers of endurance. But, he thought, to talk a matter of the kind over with sensible, kind-hearted wo-

men, in their own drawing-rooms, one of the most judicious ways he could devise for obtaining really useful practical knowledge; for women have so much forethought, and so much sympathy in the details of life, that they can suggest a thousand ideas that would escape a man, before whom all passes as one great whole. As Miss Grahame reflected a great deal, he often liked to come and listen to her pros and cons, respecting any measure he wished to lay before the board. They had already had their chat, and Mr. Murray was just going away: but he thought he would stay a little longer, and see a little more of Colonel Delafield; for his wife and sister-in-law had made him quite anxious about him. His numerous engagements prevented him from seeing much of him in the morning; and how can one make another's acquaintance in the crowd of evening parties?

Cecilia and Colonel Delafield were both too well-bred to let Mr. Murray see how much he was in the way just then; but it threw a small degree of restraint over their conversa-

tion,—and thus the Colonel was doubly liable to be misjudged. Whoever answered any one's expectation on a first interview? None but Solomon; and Mr. Murray was by no means inclined to echo his wife's opinion, "that Colonel Delafield is such an exquisitely agreeable person,"—nor to say with Mrs. Vivian, "He is such a love of a man!"

Men and women usually think very differently of a person,—but in general Colonel Delafield was an equal favourite with both; for whilst he was courteous, gallant towards the ladies, and never let them have the feeling, that it was very condescending in so clever a man to endeavour to entertain them, he was so manly and sensible, that his own sex were proud of him.

Miss Grahame, to say something, remarked to Colonel Delafield, — that she had often wished to go to India and back again in a frigate. Sea air agreed so marvellously with her, she fancied she should get quite strong and well, if she could have so much of it during so many months. "I do not wish to

land," she added, "but to come straight back, —the Indian climate I could not stand."

"Nor the voyage neither, I fancy, Miss Grahame, unless you had a frigate expressly for yourself, and only took with you those who could be cooped up, for so long a period, without being ill or bored. It is a sad trial of temper. I have known the most jovial, good-natured people in the world, become perfect brutes before they reached the shore. Should there be any previous ill temper, then indeed it is terrible. The storms are less fearful; for rage as they will, they do come to an end. I imbibed all my antipathy to flirting girls on my last voyage out. A father consigned four to my especial charge. They had been educated, or rather mis-educated, at a boarding-school; and not liking to separate the sisters, he had kept them altogether in England till the youngest was grown up. Such riotous Misses I never beheld. I was actually obliged to act as their gaoler at last; and never let them be on deck, unless I were with them. They had all sorts of contriv-

ances for attracting the men's notice. Some of their tricks were harmless enough, and so laughable, that I had the greatest difficulty to look grave, when I took them to task. Another time, when I was coming home, we had such heaps of children, that the constant dread of half-a-dozen falling overboard, their squalling, and even their shouts of merriment, all was appalling. It often reminded me of that testy old gentleman, who just at a very critical moment exclaimed, 'Herod was not so wrong after all!'—he could almost have given a similar order at that moment. I will not give you any cautions and warnings, by a description of awful storms, this morning. It is not very exhilarating to a person out of health, who ought to hear nothing, if possible, but what is cheering."

Mr. Murray's curiosity being in a measure gratified, he rose and took leave.

"Commend me to your wife, that pattern woman, Mr. Murray, I pray you."

Mr. Murray bowed and left.

"Before you begin, Colonel, I must call



mamma;" and Miss Grahame, to Colonel Delafield's astonishment, got up from the sofa, and was on the point of crossing the room to call her mother. That, of course, the Colonel could not permit; and whilst he gently re-seated her, he expressed his delight at the improvement in her strength since the day before.

"It is quite wonderful, Colonel! The pain in my ankle left me suddenly and entirely yesterday evening. I have not the slightest indication of it now."

"Long may it continue so! Myriads of people would rejoice in your entire restoration;" and he looked so sincere and so happy, Miss Grahame could not but be much pleased. Mrs. Grahame heard what was going on, and joined them. Shaking Colonel Delafield by the hand, she asked him if he had any tidings of Mr. Robert Montgomery.

"Not this morning; but when I left you yesterday, I went to him, and had a long conversation with him, when I told him the whole truth. He was very vexed, rated me

soundly; and was not in the least moved by anything I said, to rejoice in the termination of affairs. Poor lad! he was in such grief, he could not restrain his tears; and I wept with him at last. There is something very catching in crying, and something almost terrific in seeing a man weep: I cannot bear it. Women's tears are rather interesting, when one has not too large a proportion of them; and one of my friends is cruel enough to torment his little wife till she sheds an abundance of them, merely because she looks so very beautiful at those times. Poor Montgomery! I do not think I could ever undertake such a similar job. Any other young man may get out of his foolish scrapes as best he can: I will not meddle in such affairs again. As soon as Bob is well enough, he and a young barrister, a friend of his, purpose walking to and through Italy, with their knapsacks on their backs, like German students; and as Hamilton is a very fine young man, full of good principle and wisdom, I expect Montgomery will return to us much benefitted in every way by his tra-

vels. But now for the Richmond part of his tale. I left off just as my victim had been in the hope that I was going to declare myself; but found or feared me to be alluding to another, when I talked to her of some one whom she had ill-treated. 'Do you not feel,' I said, 'Miss Macfarlane, I am alluding to Mr. Montgomery?' Her anger was raised in an instant. I scarcely ever saw a woman in such a passion. Her cheeks became quite white: her lips were livid. 'If I have deceived *him*, I have not deceived *you*. He was a simpleton, indeed, to fancy I could think of loving and marrying him! What position in the world is he able to offer and give me? He loved me madly and passionately; and I liked to be loved so,—it is amusing,—it is exciting; and if I could, I would have twenty such men worshipping me. But marry him! no, never. I shall never marry till I can have everything to gratify my love of amusement;—and then, seeing how completely she had unmasked herself, she burst into a flood of tears. I saw Mont-

gomery shudder, and knew the arrow had entered into his heart. Surely, Miss Grahame, I have not done so very wrong, to show him what a heartless being possessed all the warmth of his first and best affections! I could hardly sleep on Thursday night, thinking how they were both passing it, and all through my means."

"To be candid with you, Colonel," Mrs. Grahame replied for her daughter, "I do not approve of the mode in which the thing has been transacted. Still I feel so interested in all that concerns the Montgomerys, that I am glad Mr. Robert Montgomery is not to have such a wife, nor Jane such a sister-in-law. These matters should be left to take their own course, or else be managed with less art. It is natural, however, that you, a warrior, should not go to work as a father or mother would do. I question also very much, if Mr. Montgomery had interfered, whether it would not have made his son more determined to follow his own way. He would have considered his father prejudiced; and,

vels. But now for the Richmond part of his tale. I left off just as my victim had been in the hope that I was going to declare myself; but found or feared me to be alluding to another, when I talked to her of some one whom she had ill-treated. 'Do you not feel,' I said, 'Miss Macfarlane, I am alluding to Mr. Montgomery?' Her anger was raised in an instant. I scarcely ever saw a woman in such a passion. Her cheeks became quite white: her lips were livid. 'If I have deceived *him*, I have not deceived *you*. He was a simpleton, indeed, to fancy I could think of loving and marrying him! What position in the world is he able to offer and give me? He loved me madly and passionately; and I liked to be loved so,—it is amusing,—it is exciting; and if I could, I would have twenty such men worshipping me. But marry him! no, never. I shall never marry till I can have everything to gratify my love of amusement;'—and then, seeing how completely she had unmasked herself, she burst into a flood of tears. I saw Mont-

and introduced her to this pet animal; and the next day Miss Macfarlane actually did mount her, and rode her till she became manageable.

To the utter astonishment and extreme delight of all her friends, Miss Grahame recovered her health suddenly at this time; and Sir Charles Hay was in such raptures, that he proposed, and was accepted: and the projected marriage gave universal satisfaction. Satan's shoemaker did not gain anything, which was *as* wonderful as Miss Grahame's recovery. The Germans have a proverb which asserts, that when a marriage is decided, the devil goes from house to house, gossiping so much, picking so many holes in the character of the betrothed pair, he is so busy and active running about, that he wears out a pair of shoes on each occasion.

It was beautiful to see Sir Charles Hay and Miss Grahame together, after they were engaged. They evinced such unbounded tenderness, but in so decorous and so delicate a manner, that the by-standers did not wish

them at Kamschatka, as is often the case. There was a fragrance of holiness about all they said and did, that was lovely indeed. They did not even give that peculiar intonation to their voice which makes the gentleman ask, with such deep pathos, "Shall I send you some potatoes?" and the lady responds, in lisping accents, and with a loving glance, "Thank you, I have helped myself to spinach."

Sir Charles Hay was not for dilatory measures. No sooner did Cecilia consent to be his, than he, in good earnest, set about having everything definitively ready. Even the settlements prospered under his urgent inspection, and, strange to say, no time was lost in their completion. The 3rd of October was fixed as *the* day; and Mrs. Grahame undertook all the minor details for the wedding itself. They both wished good taste and kindly feeling should prevail, even in the most minute arrangement; and that all things should be done suitably to their Cecilia's position in life, and to her wealth, though without pomp and vulgar ostentation.

It was thought advisable that Cecilia should spend some months (the winter at least) away from the damp, changeable, sunless climate of England; and they all three conversed much together about the spot most likely to suit, in every respect. They were both fully aware that the English climate, like all other climates, like all sublunary things, has its advantages as well as its disadvantages.

Whilst Sir Charles was in the Navy, he had visited almost every country in the world; and wherever he came, he took full information about everything concerning the town and neighbourhood. He did not content himself with going on shore, merely to ride helter-skelter over the country, nor to dine out and be merry, nor to attend all the balls. He did each and all of these things, for he considered them very wholesome and necessary recreations, both for mind and body; and his pleasant, unaffected manners won all hearts, wherever he went. He inquired not only about the adjacent towns, but obtained an immense deal of information, in a short space of time, about



places far inland; and when he returned to his ship, it was to impart the knowledge he had gained. Many people would willingly do so, but they do not know how to set about it, which is owing to a want of order and perspicuity in their own ideas: they learn all they can, but do not digest it properly, and their stock of information is a chaos in their brain. A very little attention would enable them so fully to understand all they have gathered, that teaching it to others would not only be an easy and pleasing task, but would impress it more and more fully upon their own minds. After all the cogitations, Rome was selected, as offering manifold advantages. Then they took books and maps, and travelled in Mr. Hay's fashion, without stirring from the pretty drawing-room.

Mr. Hay wrote often to his nephew during this time; and his manly letters, so full of sense, of affection, mentioning so much what they would see on their way, were always welcome: and they enjoyed answering him in his own style, thus beguiling many an hour

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of pain and weakness for him. Indeed, his spirits became so buoyant, he threatened to be carried to town, and wheeled into the church, that he might be the first to kiss and bless the freshly-made Lady Hay. And thus weeks passed away in the purest happiness.

## CHAPTER X.

THE billing and cooing that were going on around him were so contagious, that Colonel Delafield could not do otherwise than follow the example set him: and he began laying siege to Mrs. Anstruther's heart, with all the desperation of a forlorn hope. He sent her the most beautiful bouquets he could purchase, going very early in the morning, far out of town sometimes, to procure them, choosing every flower and bud himself; and being skilled in the oriental language of flowers, he made, repeatedly, the most sentimental avowals. He might as well have talked Hindostanee to the bewitching widow. Such mysteries were a sealed book to her. She put the splendid bouquets in the handsome vases

on her table, and thanked Colonel Delafield with much simplicity, for the enjoyment of possessing them; for she was very fond of flowers, knew the names of them, and understood perfectly the cultivation of them, although their meaning had never cost her a thought. She was fond of music: and whenever there was an opera to be performed, which she thought correct, Colonel Delafield would take a box, from which she could see and hear best,—and offer it to the Montgomerys, or Vivians, or Murrays, and contrive that Mrs. Anstruther should be of the party; whilst he escorted them, and took particular charge of her. Neither, however, did she perceive this manoeuvre: she never fancied she was the object of so much consideration, attention, and courtesy, and sung the airs the next day without ever thinking of the Colonel. He helped her in all her difficulties about her stables, superintended the management of the horses, bought or exchanged them for her when need required, and saved her all the trouble of speaking to the grooms or the coachman,

when anything was amiss. At first he was very cautious: he tried to make himself indispensable, before he began to be sentimental. He found it very difficult to give any hint of his real feelings. No one understood the art of expressing himself better, when he felt little or nothing. But a schoolboy was a Cicero to him, when he was called upon to be eloquent in his own behalf; and Mrs. Anstruther's total unconsciousness of having made an impression on his heart, increased the difficulty a hundred-fold. He pondered and pondered over what he should do, till at last he resolved he would go away, for a week or ten days, and meditate on what would be best to be done; for if he stayed where the mourning widow was, he could not collect his thoughts, and nerve himself to action. He therefore filled his carpet-bag, and went off to his friend at Windsor, who was an Indian croney, with whom he had great pleasure in talking over past days.

The past has ever an attraction for us, whether it have been fraught with pain or

pleasure. When we no longer feel the annoyances of the moment, we look upon all that charmed us most, as if the roses of other days had had no thorns. At school, a boy looks forward to the time of being a man, and going to the University. Then comes the period for entering upon a profession, and into the world, as that which savours of independence of action, and of a continued round of various pleasures and purposes. Still he continues to look forward, as not having attained that certain something, after which he is striving, and which still seems to flit on before him. But when he has conquered these difficulties, and finds how much more delight there is in anticipation, in struggling for possession, than in wishes fulfilled,—he turns to the days of his childhood, and thinks how truly happy he was then; and regrets seriously that he was not then aware that the joyousness of his youth was a treasure beyond price, which, once lost, would never be regained. Still he only goes back in thought to those as happy days; for how miserable he would be, could he

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... to Windsor, and write his  
Anstruther from thence.

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really be replaced in them, with all the bitter knowledge of the experience of after years! for bitter as knowledge and experience may have been to him, they were dear, they had charms for him.

It is indeed a thousand pities we cannot learn to appreciate the present time, and be contented with the lot of each hour as it comes, apportioned to us by the wisdom and the love of an all-powerful Being, who is ever ready and willing to give us this spirit of contentment. If we will but ask earnestly, we shall receive abundantly.

Happy as Colonel Delafield was in the retrospections of his friend and himself, he had no wish to return to hours in which he was unacquainted with the attractive Mrs. Anstruther; and not unfrequently he and his friend used to say, "Why did we not think at that time of its charms? We only complained then of the disagreeables with which it seemed to be filled, and to be glad when we went to rest that one day more was gone by. Where was our philosophy and our wisdom



then?" Colonel Delafield opened his mind to his friend: he did not mind laying bare all the secrets of his bosom to him. He was a bachelor; and he was sure that all he had confessed would not be told to *Mrs. Somebody*, before the day wore out,—and that the Miss and Master Somebodies would not be treated to the relation, the next morning at breakfast. So he spoke openly, as if he were thinking aloud; and after much debating, it was settled the Colonel should attend the Springfield wedding, then return to Windsor, and write his proposal to Mrs. Anstruther from thence.

Before he left town, Colonel Delafield had presented Miss Grahame with one of his handsomest cachmeres, and Lady Letitia Arkway with a beautiful bracelet.

Mrs. Anstruther and Miss Montgomery sat in the snug drawing-room in Wimpole Street, the day after Colonel Delafield's departure, with the same unconcern they had done the day before. Sympathy was certainly at work; for whilst the Colonel and his friend were discussing the happy past, the two ladies were

comparing the amount of joy and sorrow in the world.

Miss Montgomery was trying to persuade her mournful friend how very much happiness predominated. "Why is it," she said, "that we note our sorrows with so much more indelibility than our hours of satisfaction and gratification? Did we acquire the habit of writing down, day by day, all the little kindnesses of words and deeds that we receive, or are enabled to perform—and to perform them is a nobler, more enduring gratification than to receive them,—did we mark how many hours of ease we have during the course of our lives, and enumerate our hours of positive suffering,—did we see how, day by day, we have food, clothing, society, and intellectual resources,—we should soon be convinced that God is good, and does not chasten us but when there is a needs-be! Did we contemplate even the causes we have for our tears, we should see that they are doing a mighty work within us,—making us disciples of Christ, children of God; and, if guided by his Holy

Spirit, we shall even rejoice in our sufferings, which bring us into such constant communion with the Deity."

Miss Montgomery seldom talked of individuals. She discussed feelings, books, needle-work, the progress of the age, the different modes of doing good to the poor, &c. &c. &c.: and it so happened, in consequence of this habit, that she had never talked about Colonel Delafield,—she had not made him an object of conversation; and as she was not aware of the state of his heart, she had seen no occasion to question her young friend about hers. It was not, therefore, one of those cases in which she interfered, to disperse any cloud—to do away with any misunderstanding; and Mrs. Anstruther was so perfectly calm, there could be no doubt that she was not yet under the influence of the wayward passion.

Bob Montgomery spent the days of his convalescence with his sister. He and the widow were therefore thrown much together; for Jane had frequently something to do for her father,

that occupied her the greater part of the evening. Montgomery had evidently forgotten Eliza. What is there in a physical fever that makes a man totally forget a mental one? He is desperately in love, proposes, is refused, falls dangerously ill, raves, is given over, has a favourable crisis, mends slowly, rises weak and languid from his bed,—and the fair one is as completely forgotten as if she had never existed!

So it was with Bob Montgomery. It is true, no one ever mentioned Miss Macfarlane; so that he had no opportunity of judging what effect her name would have upon him. He and his friend Hamilton had much to do to prepare for their travels, and their projected long absence.

Mr. Hamilton was also a great deal in Wimpole Street, and was very much liked by the whole party. He was so gentlemanly, so agreeable, so unassuming, so clever, so good-humoured, Mrs. Anstruther thought him, without exception, the most charming man she had ever seen. As he was full of his tour,

and paid her no particular attention, his society was doubly pleasing to her.

The two gentlemen were to wait for Lady Letitia's wedding, and then bid adieu to England. Young Montgomery was a little more polite to the widow, but not much.

What a state of glory was that of Lady Letitia! She determined her wedding should be a remarkable one, and her preparations were made on the grandest scale. Mr. Springfield had been so much abroad, he knew nothing of British manners and customs. He left all the arrangements to Lady Letitia, whom he looked upon as the paragon of beauty and fashion. She had a very able coadjutor in Sir George Wordsworth, who delighted particularly in giving directions about fêtes and ceremonies.

Lady Letitia had long been putting by a yearly sum, in case of such a joyful event occurring; and now she was determined to give a series of dinners, assemblies, and balls, by way of taking leave of her large circle of friends and acquaintances. One of her prin-

cipal wishes was to give a fancy ball: but if she did, she knew, of all her own more immediate set, Sir George Wordsworth would be the only person that would attend it; and this, she thought, would be a slur upon her proceedings,—and she could not make up her mind to draw down on herself all the observations she knew she would incur by this step. She therefore, most reluctantly, gave it up.

Lady Wordsworth assured her, she knew of no pleasure that could equal a fancy ball for worry, fatigue, expense, and want of gratification. In her younger days, she had been urged to be of a quadrille, and to take the direction of it. To please the fifteen that composed it (exclusively of herself) was an utter impossibility. The gentlemen could not agree. No costume suited them all. And when she chose pink, as the predominant colour, the girls with dark complexions declared they would not be such frights; if she talked of blue, the *fair* ones announced to her, they would not wear what would make them look so sickly and delicate. Cherry-colour was de-

cided upon, as the least objectionable, generally. And the gentlemen had debated so much and so long upon what was becoming and unbecoming, that when the evening arrived they had formed no decision, and were obliged to appear in their usual dress. Thus the effect of the whole was marred. The ladies had no enjoyment; for the pleasure, zest, and novelty of the thing had disappeared after the first few days of discussion.

It was, to say the least of it, a very unfitting time for Lady Letitia, who was about to enter on such serious duties, and to change the whole tenor of her existence, to be giving herself up to such thoroughly worldly frivolities. Even the most amusement-loving of her acquaintance saw and felt how ill-timed it was. Many were the holes worn in the aforementioned shoes.

Mrs. Stapleton, who was not more remarkable herself for attention to the proprieties of life, was extremely vehement in her disapprobation; and her sister, Lady Wordsworth, to whom she addressed herself, could not help

remarking, "That it would be better for women, before they charged their fellow-women with gross inconsistency and unconventional ways, to look a little upon the past of their own lives!" "Which of us," she added, "can lay our hands upon our hearts, and say we have never given occasion for displeasing and unkind animadversions upon our conduct? and why is it that we are so prone to relate all that is evil of each other? Which of us takes the same pains to go amongst our neighbours, and give all the details of a generous, noble, and self-denying action, that we do to relate all we have heard—and how often with much aggravated inaccuracy!—of an unseemly proceeding?" Mrs. Stapleton was rebuffed, displeased with Lady Wordsworth,—and had the pleasure of adding to the list of Lady Letitia Arkway's peccadilloes, the whining canting remarks of the prim Lady Wordsworth, without, of course, naming her. Had Lady Wordsworth heard her, she would have been grieved for the folly and want of judgment of her tittle-tattling relation; but would have con-



tinued to act, speak, and think as she had done. No one could distinguish better between merited and unmerited censure.

Lady Letitia Arkway hoped Mr. Springfield would not continue to reside in St. Petersburg, where she lost caste so completely by an union with him. Her father had once been ambassador in Russia, when she was in the zenith of her beauty. She had been very much courted and admired. She did not, therefore, relish being excluded from the world of fashion, the aristocracy, and the Court; because her husband, being in commerce, could have no military rank which would permit him to move in those upper circles. She wisely, however, kept her own secret; and determined to judge for herself, when she was once settled amongst Mr. Springfield's relations and friends.

At length the last ball was given; and even the Grahames joined the merry assembly, for an hour. Lady Letitia had made it such a point that they should do so. She had made Cecilia smile, by saying, that, as

they were both in the same delightful position as brides-elect, it would add much to the importance and appropriateness of the evening. The Grahames, therefore, went for a short time; but unfortunately, as Cecilia had left the street-door, before she had reached her carriage, which did not come immediately up to the door, a sudden gust of wind and rain had burst open her wrappings,—and she caught so severe a cold, that she could not attend the wedding, which took place three days afterwards.

The wedding did take place; and if noise, bustle, confusion, eating and drinking, cake, champagne, and toasts can make a wedding-feast perfect, that of Mr. Springfield and Lady Letitia Arkway was perfect. There was nothing lacking. She had chosen her bridesmaids among the prettiest and youngest of the daughters of her friends; and the whole affair was so incongruous, that Sir George Wordsworth, who had in vain endeavoured to make all the arrangements in keeping, and in good taste, was much vexed, that his

advice had been so much sought, and so little followed.

Colonel Delafield had been bridesman; had cut up the cake, and had passed pieces of it through the wedding-ring, that all the candidates for matrimony might have some on which to dream; and, oh, tell it not to his companions at the clubs, he actually put a piece under his own pillow that night, and had his vision! He dreamt that he stood at the altar with Eliza Macfarlane! It was quite a nightmare to him. He awoke in a state of great agitation. He immediately returned to Windsor.

It was now time for Messrs. Hamilton and Robert Montgomery to begin their pedestrian tour. They dined the day before their departure in Wimpole Street. Mrs. Anstruther was there, as usual; and she was quite surprised to find with what reluctance she bade them good-bye. Hamilton had bought her a bunch of "immortelles," of different colours; and in giving them had said, "I would have added some forget-me-nots, but I durst not

presume upon the hope that the sentiments they express would be my happy fate!" She blushed deeply, and answered ingenuously, "I cannot forget you, for I shall think of you all day!" And yet he went away! What strange beings men are! Neither to themselves, nor to others, for the most part, can they give a reason for their actions. Perhaps Hamilton thought himself too young to marry; and that, after his travels, he should be more fit to make a steady husband. Perhaps he was so taken by surprise that he hurried off, as if in a state of intoxication, without knowing exactly what he was about. Certain it is, he did go; and that it was only through Jane Montgomery, Mrs. Anstruther ever heard of him, during his three years' journeyings through Italy and to the East. She kept her promise, and thought of him all day long, and at first talked of him a good deal to Miss Montgomery; but, when she was once convinced she thought of him in a way in which she had never thought of any man before, she ceased to talk of him, and only

listened with the greatest interest, and in utter silence, to all the details of his travels, which Montgomery forwarded, in a regular journal, weekly to his sister.

One morning she was made extremely uncomfortable, by receiving a letter from Colonel Delafield, declaring his passion for her, earnestly pleading his own cause, and entreating her to become his wife. She was at first very angry with herself: for she feared she must unintentionally have encouraged him, and given him hopes; and she dreaded nothing in the world more than to be supposed a flirt or a coquette. As to a jilt, she had heard of such beings, and had read of them in novels; but she could not be persuaded to believe in their existence. In great trepidation, she wrote the following answer:—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Your letter has given me very great pain; as I cannot suppose you would have written it, had I not most unintentionally induced you to believe that I had perceived your at-

tachment, and that I had reciprocated it. I have indeed a great regard for you, and am most grateful for all the kind attentions I have received from you,—but a warmer feeling I have not to bestow on you; and though I trust we shall ever be friends, I must decidedly say that we can never be united. If I have misled you, I earnestly entreat of you to forgive me, and to think of me with affectionate esteem.

“Yours in all sincerity,

“SUSAN ANSTRUTHER.”

This was a poser! Nothing could be hoped for after that, so firm, so open, so lady-like. He was more in love than ever; and the assurance, that she had not a warmer feeling to bestow upon him, stung him with rage and jealousy; for was it not a tacit avowal that she had bestowed that warm feeling on another? He determined to go to London, and wait there till Mrs. Anstruther left for Scotland. For he felt, that in his case, it would be true that he should be a proof, that

absence has the same effect upon the tender passion that the wind has upon fire,—it extinguishes a small flame, but fans a large one into a consuming blaze. He marvelled greatly when he found no rival; and Mrs. Anstruther's calm, unaltered way towards himself, soon took from him the least hope of ever making an impression upon her heart,—and by degrees, as he was past the age for the breaking of his own, he became reconciled to the habit of seeing her, without ulterior views or wishes: and it may not, perhaps, be amiss to say at once, that, before the expiration of another twelvemonth, he had wooed and married another widow, the Countess of Hilvalle; and they made a sensible, rational, and happy pair.

We are now come to the end of our book, and the sad tale with which it terminates. Miss Grahame's cold turned into a galloping consumption; and it was soon known by all who loved her and were interested in her, that her days were numbered. She was the last to be aware of it,—for it is an illness

in which one's own danger is seldom perceived; and she continued a long time to talk of her travels, and of the 3rd of October as the day of starting. Sometimes she added, she knew not why, she felt as if she should be away from England sooner.

Sir Charles Hay's speaking countenance first awakened her suspicions; and when she questioned him, he acknowledged there was no hope of her recovery. She clasped her hands, and prayed silently for some minutes. He then knelt down by her side, and they prayed fervently aloud. He had strength given him to find the words most suitable. The prayer over, they remained a second or two as if they were paralysed: then both burst into tears. She was the one to recover serenity first, and spoke with admirable cheerfulness and submission, thanking God very fervently for the large share of happiness she had had generally, and for Sir Charles' love and society particularly.

Mrs. Grahame was very grateful, that the truth had been made known to Cecilia with-



out her intervention; and when she came in, some time after, Sir Charles prayed with her, that the blow might be softened to them all three. He begged Cecilia to let him join in all her devotions, and that he might be allowed to read the Bible to her every day.

Miss Grahame did not keep her bed at all, and was, every morning, ready for this solemn privilege at nine o'clock; and Sir Charles did not fail to be at the appointed hour with her. Indeed, punctuality was one of his great virtues. He had never been known to keep anybody waiting in his life; and, of all things, was most particular to be in church before service began. He thought it good to have time to collect his own thoughts, and to have his mind attuned to the great happiness of praising God, and praying to Him in the assembly of the faithful, and where He had promised to be with them. They were met together in His name; and the Lord was sure to be in the midst of them. Sir Charles would, besides, have been quite uncomfortable,

if, by going in late, he had caused one head to turn towards him, when all hearts ought to be lifted up to their Maker.

The clergyman of the parish attended Miss Grahame. Her mother and Sir Charles partook the last sacrament with her.

One evening, about dusk, Sir Charles was sitting by her. (She had often, in her playful moods, addressed a long conversation to him in rhymes.) She began in a weak, low, but still sweet voice, (the words sank upon his heart, and were imprinted there as if engraven by a burning iron,)—

“CHARLES, we must part! it will not be for ever,—  
Not even death our kindred souls can sever!  
I need not say, ‘Think often, Charles, of me;’  
Long have thy thoughts been where I soon shall be.

Thanks for thy love, which made this earth so dear!  
I gladly would have lingered longer here:  
Thy pious accents ever bade me look  
To that blest world portrayed in God’s own book;

Where thou and I shall meet to part no more,  
Where joy is found in rich abundant store.  
Often, dear Charles, we have had holy talk;  
And much we’ve prayed to walk as Christ did walk.

Sinners we are, but Christ for us has died:  
We've worshipped Him, whilst kneeling side by side;  
We've felt the love that drew us to His feet,—  
That whispered to our hearts, 'We soon shall meet!'

Loved one! I bid thee, then, a short farewell!  
Let my last look with thee for ever dwell;  
It tells of hope, of peace, of angels' joy,  
Of future bliss, that is without alloy!

Give me thy hand! thou'rt hidden from my sight;  
My eyes are opening to a dazzling light;  
Spirits are busy calling me away;  
My night is changed to everlasting day!"

She uttered the shrill death-cry! and became immortal!

We will draw a veil over the mother's grief—over that of the affianced husband. It is too sacred,—we may not intrude upon it. They sorrowed not without hope; still their sorrow was poignant.

On the 3rd of October, Sir Charles Hay placed the bridal wreath on Miss Grahame's head. She was in her coffin! He lived many years, passing his whole life in acts of piety and usefulness; and died a bachelor.

Is it necessary to say anything respecting the fate of the other personages of this little Tale? Their destiny will surely be easily divined.

When Hamilton returned, his first meeting with the mournful widow showed him plainly how great the sympathy was between them; and the relation of his travels was so intermixed with that of the state of his feelings, that neither ever came to a conclusion. He proposed—was accepted. They were married; and, perhaps, even at this hour, immortelles, forget-me-nots, adieux, a cordial greeting, Paris, steamboats, Dardanelles, sorrow, joy, smiles and tears, are occupying them still! They are revelling in the enjoyment which a pure and reciprocal attachment must always afford.

Eliza Macfarlane was outwitted by one as much an adept in deceit as herself. To her cost, she married a handsome and insinuating scamp, who cared for her a little, admired her very much,—but, provided he could find amusement for himself, gave not one thought

to the way of contributing to her happiness, and left her frequently, during weeks, to a solitude, for which, from her ill-regulated mind, she was quite unfit.

Bob Montgomery, cured of flirting, followed his profession assiduously and successfully. When Emily Murray grew up, he married her,—most thankful for his escape from a coquette, and for his union with a charming young woman, whose piety and gentleness made his home a paradise.



